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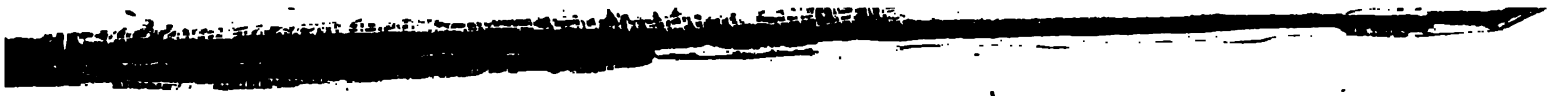
A Study IN Southern Poetry

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD



A STUDY IN SOUTHERN POETRY

For Use in Schools, Colleges and the Library

BY

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

PRESIDENT OF PEACE INSTITUTE

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1911

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A STUDY IN SOUTHERN POETRY

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Preface

There is a deplorable lack of knowledge as to Southern poets. The object of this volume is to give a glimpse at their lives and a more complete survey of their work than any book that I have seen has offered.

A few writers, not born in the South but identified with it, are included: Albert Pike, an officer in the Confederacy, for instance. Quite as many others, native here but resident elsewhere, have been omitted: Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr and Mr. C. P. Cranch, for examples.

It may appear that undue attention has been given to certain poets of the war period. Ample space has been accorded them for two reasons: first, the intrinsic value of their work warrants it; and, second, their poems either have never been collected or no longer are in print.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to the following publishers for the use of poems over which they hold the copyright: Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. for selections from the works of Messrs. Peck and Wm. H. Hayne; to the *Independent* for Lanier's "The Crystal," "Ballad of Trees," and "Sunrise"; to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. for "The Harlequin of Dreams," "Evening Song," and "Corn"; to Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. for Tabb's poems; to the Century Co. for selections by Wm. H. Thompson, John H. Boner, etc.; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for poems by James Maurice Thompson and Wm. H. Hayne; to Mr. J. P. Kennedy for Ryan's

work; and to Dr. George Preston for the poems by his mother. My thanks are due also to several of the poets represented for work generously placed at my disposal.

A work of this character is never complete: were it possible to make the manuscript so, the printed book would not be; new writers are continually appearing, while the living writers who are represented are changing their record. To the discerning reader, though, one fact will be evident: the stream of poesy in our Southland has grown wider and deeper and stronger, and others may trace it as it widens out into a majestic river.

H. J. S.

RALEIGH, N. C.
September 14, 1910.

Poetics

I

VERSIFICATION

VERSE. A Verse is a line of a poem. The word is often incorrectly used for stanza.

STANZA. A Stanza is a collection of verses making up a regular division of a poem. Two lines so associated make a couplet; three, a triplet; four, a quatrain, etc.

RHYME. Rhyme is a correspondence of sound at the ends of verses. If the unisonance is on the last syllable, the rhyme is masculine, or single; if on the next to the last, feminine, or double; if on the third from the last, triple. The three kinds are thus illustrated in the order named:

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep.

Nor wintry leaves, nor vernal,
Nor days, nor things diurnal.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love.

METRE. Metre is the regular recurrence of stressed syllables; and such syllables, together with those unaccented grouped with them, determine the kind of verse. By indicating the former thus (×) and the

latter thus (′) we may illustrate the various kinds of feet, or groups of syllables:

′ × | ′ × | ′ × | ′ ×
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright. (Iambus.)

× ′ | × ′ | × ′ | ×
Love me little, love me long. (Trochee.)

′ ′×|′ ′ ×| ′ ′ × |′ ′ ×
The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold. (Anapest.)

× ′ ′ | × ′ ′ | × ′ ′ | × ′ ′ |
Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the
× ′ ′ | ×′
palms of the ocean. (Dactyl.)

There are yet other kinds of feet, but they occur in lines of the foregoing types. The pyrrhic (″) and ′ spondee (ˣˣ) are seen in this line:

′ ×| ′ ′ | ′ ×|′ ′ | × ×
The quality of mercy is not strained.

It frequently happens that a trochaic foot is introduced into an iambic line, or that the verse is otherwise varied; this may be done with a most happy effect, and a poet's skill in such transitions is an index to his mastery of his art.

Kinds of Metre. The number of stresses in a line determines its measure. A verse of one foot is called a monometer; of two, a dimeter; of three, a trimeter; of four, a tetrameter; of five, a pentameter; of six, hexameter. Browning's opening lines

to "Pippa Passees" illustrate all measures but one, from monometer to hexameter, inclusive:

Day!
Faster and more fast
O'er night's brim day boils at last:

. . . . .

Put forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Longer measures are usually divided, a heptameter appearing as two verses—a tetrameter and a trimeter, as:

′ × | ′ × | ′ ×|′ ×
Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
′ × | ′ × | ′ ×
How can ye bloom sae fair.

In place of an octameter, two tetrameters are often written, as:

′ × | ′ × | ′ ×|′ ×
The tide is high and stormy beams
′ × | ′ × | ′× | ′ | ×
Of sunlight scud across the down.

Sometimes a line lacks a syllable, or has an extra one, either at the beginning or at the end; the one case is called catalectic; the other, hypercatalectic. Examples in the order stated are:

× ′ | ×′ ×
Touch us gently, Time.
′ × | ′× | ′ ×|′ ×|′
Then steal away, give little warning.

THE CAESURA. In reading poetry aloud, one naturally makes a pause at the end of a line and also at certain points in the line. This pause is known as the caesura, and is usually, but not always, marked by punctuation. It may occur at any place in the verse, but tends toward the middle. A line may have two or more caesuras. The following will illustrate these points:

Misery, | my sweetest friend, | oh! | weep no more.

I hear the fruitful stream | lapsing along.

In shifting this point so as to bring out the melody of his lines, the artistic poet exercises his finest cunning. Milton was a master of the caesura.

ANALYSIS OF FORMS. In analyzing poetic forms one should give the kind of feet, the number of feet in the line, the number of lines in the stanza, and the rhyme order. If there is a mixture, the prevailing foot determines the type. If there is a difficulty in deciding without actual count,—as is sometimes the case in the most artistic of poems,—let the effect produced be observed. Illustrations follow:

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

The poem of which this is a stanza would be de-

scribed as trochaic tetrameter, catalectic, in quatrains rhymed aa bb.

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child—from the window-sill
Over I cannot see."

In this stanza there are four kinds of feet, but the effect is dactylic. Tennyson's matchless lyric of grief has an anapestic movement:

Break! break! break!
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

The first line of this poem has but three syllables, but each is accented. The unstressed syllables are represented by what is termed the compensating pause. If x indicates unrhymed verses, this poem would be characterized as trimeter, of anapestic effect, in quatrains rhymed xaxa, the third line hypercatalectic. However, the corresponding line in the second stanza is full trimeter; and in the fourth, full tetrameter.

Exercises in scansion are suggested in connection with the poems in this volume.

II

DIVISIONS OF POETRY

NARRATIVE POETRY tells of the deeds of other men. It is objective. In it the poet's individuality is obscured. Homer is so veiled behind his works that his very existence has been questioned. Under the division of Narrative Poetry fall,—

The Epic: a long poem with a noble theme, set forth in fitting language. "Paradise Lost" is the noblest English epic.

The Metrical Romance: the name explains itself. Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Tennyson's "Princess" are notable examples.

The Ballad: a short, ringing narrative poem. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is a fine one. If the characters of the story speak for themselves the poem is a dramatic ballad; and if feeling becomes more pronounced than narration, the result is a lyrical ballad.

The Descriptive Poem: objects rather than events are treated. Thomson's "Seasons" illustrates.

There are further divisions, such as the Pastoral Poem, the Idyll, the Mock-Epic, the Humorous Epic, etc., the names of which indicate their spheres.

LYRIC POETRY reveals the emotions of the writer —is subjective. In it the poet's personality stands out. Pindar, the great lyric poet, is immortal, while the songs he sang are unknown to the vast majority of mankind. Lyrics are of several types, and are classified with regard to the feeling under which they were composed.

The Sacred Lyric: voices religious fervor. It

is well represented in Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," a song that adds a grace to many a hymnody.

The Patriotic Lyric: the inspiration for this is love of country. "The Star-Spangled Banner," by Key, and "America," by Smith, illustrate. Under this head come also War Lyrics, those fierce outbursts of passion such as Randall's "Maryland" and de l'Isle's "Marseillaise."

The Love Lyric: this is the most common type. The lyric is at home in this province, and has been since the days of the troubadour and minnesinger, some six hundred years ago. Its range is as wide as the moods love inspires,—from rapture to despair; —as Chaucer puts it,—

"Now up, now doun, as bokets in a welle."

From grave to gay are Burns's "Highland Mary," Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart," and Ben Jonson's "To Celia." When death is the central theme the poem is a Lyric of Grief.

Nature Lyric: the scope of this, too, is wide-reaching, for it comprehends not only such simple strains as Browning's "The Year's at the Spring," but such involved poems as Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," in which the analogies between nature and life are traced out.

The Reflective Lyric: the philosophical element pervades this type, and therefore good examples of it are rare; for it is in danger of verging into didacticism, and that is not poetry. Still there are purely reflective poems of exalted feeling, such, for instance, as Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel" and George Eliot's "Choir Invisible."

The Convivial Lyric, a drinking song (also called

Anacreontic verse, from Anacreon, the master of this kind of writing). One of the finest in the language is Shakespeare's "Cup Us Till the World Go Round." One or two notable illustrations appear in this book, pp. 36, 37.

The Lyric of Fancy: pure imagination is the substance whereof this is wrought, and it must be clothed with exquisite grace. Ariel's songs in "The Tempest," "Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies" and "Where the Bee Sucks" embody these essentials.

The Humorous Lyric: no better instance of this need be sought for than "Contentment," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Lyric of Praise has for its theme the laudation of some individual. Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way," included in this study, p. 125, is one.

Society Verse: a light, graceful treatment of society trifles. The periodicals of to-day are flooded with them.

Lyrics may be classified also, as to form, into Ode, Sonnet, Song, Rondeau, Rondel, Triolet, Ballade, Villanelle, etc. Of these, the Ode and the Song assume many a form; the others have more or less prescribed limits. Such of these forms as are represented in this book will be discussed in the notes under them; as for the others, the student is referred to some treatise on poetics.

Dramatic Poetry. The Drama is written to be acted,—to represent before the eyes human life in its hopes and fears, rapture and despair. Hence into its composition may enter all the elements that go to make literature. It is divided into Tragedy, Comedy, and Reconciling-Drama.

Tragedy moves on to some fatal issue. "Hamlet" is one example.

Comedy is of a light, amusing nature, and holds up the foibles and frailties of society and the ludicrous accidents of life. "As You Like It" is a type.

Reconciling-Drama threatens a tragic close, but at the last averts it. "The Merchant of Venice" is an example.

The poems in these pages are almost all lyrics. In studying each certain points should be especially observed:

The Mood: is it tender, hopeful, morbid, grave, tragic, etc.?

The Movement: is it majestic, tripping, vigorous, regular, halting, etc.?

The Sound: is it alliterative, sibilant, musical, sonorous, harsh, etc.?

Seek to extend each of these lists so as to characterize accurately each poem.

Then, too, the theme should be stated, after the poem has been classified. If it is a patriotic lyric its theme may be love for state engendered by her heroic deeds; or love for country roused at threatened invasion.

The diction should be characterized and the stanza structure and rhyme order indicated. Notable passages, or even entire poems, should be committed to memory. It is better, however, not to examine each poem from all these points of view at the same recitation. Such a process might become tedious or confusing. Let one or two phases engage the attention for several successive days,—the mood and movement, for instance; then take up the sound, the classification, etc.

St. George Tucker

1752-1828

Mr. Tucker was a native of the Bermudas. In early life he came to Virginia, where he received his education, finishing the course at William and Mary. He took up the law as a profession, and after practicing in the Colonial courts a while became a judge of the General Court of Virginia. Later he was chosen professor of law in William and Mary, from which institution he received the degree of LL. D.

He was the author of numerous law treatises, dramas, and poems. Chiefly upon these last his fame rests.

RESIGNATION, OR DAYS OF MY YOUTH

I

Days of my youth,
  Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
  Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
  Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Ye are furrowed all o'er,
Strength of my youth,
  All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
  Your gay visions are flown.

II

Days of my youth,
  I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
  I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
  You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
  You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
  Why lament your decay?

III

Days of my age,
  Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
  Yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age,
  In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
  Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
  Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
  Be ye fixed on your God.

A reflective lyric. What mood pervades it? What is its object? Does it attain it?

Washington Allston

1779-1843

A South Carolinian by birth, Mr. Allston removed to Rhode Island in boyhood. He was graduated at Harvard, and went abroad to study painting. For some years he resided in England, and during this period produced his best pictures. "The Dead Man Revived," "Uriel in the Sun," and "Jacob's Feast" represent him best in art.

His writings are "The Sylphs of the Seasons, and Other Poems"; "Monaldi, a Tale"; "Lectures on Art, and Poems," etc. He was closely connected with the beginnings of art and literature in America.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime,
While the Tritons of the deep

With their conches the kindred league shall
proclaim.
Then let the world combine,
O'er the main our naval line
Like the Milky-Way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one."

A patriotic lyric. State its exact theme. What prophetic touches in it seem to have been fulfilled by recent events?

1. What figure? 8. Meaning of Phœbus? 8, 9. Another way of saying, "The sun never sets on England's dominions." 10. Freedom is "the genius of our clime." 13. The Tritons were fabled creatures of the sea, heralding on their conch shells the approach of Neptune. 17. Is the simile forceful? 29. Explain "bard of Avon." 31, 32. Allusion to what work of Milton? 40, 41. Give the thought.

Francis Scott Key

1780-1843

The author of the lyric below, thus far the best of our national songs, was born in Maryland, but spent most of his life in Washington, where he was attorney for the District of Columbia.

The story of the poem is as follows: Mr. Key had visited a British ship in Baltimore harbor to procure the release of a friend, held prisoner on board, and was not permitted to leave until after the attack on Fort McHenry. The bombardment ceased during the night, but he did not know the result until the next morning, when he saw the banner still floating on the battlements. While aboard this vessel the now notable lines were written,—first on the back of an old envelope. When the author returned to Baltimore he revised them, and gave them to Captain Eades, who had participated in the battle of North Point. Eades had them printed, and a copy fell into the hands of an actor, who sang them for the first time to the air, "Anacreon in Heaven." They were received with wild applause, and were immediately taken up and sung all over the country.

A collection of Key's poems was published in New York, 1857, with an introduction by Roger B. Taney. Some years since James Lick bequeathed $60,000 for a monument to the author of the song. This memorial, executed by Story, in Rome, stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O, say, does that Star-Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"*In God is our Trust*"—
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Compare the theme in this with that in Allston's, pp. 22, 23. What type of lyric is this? What is the measure?

6. "Gave proof"—how? 12. A good picture. 17. "That band"—the British. 20. A vigorous line. 21. Explain "hireling and slave." 27. Criticise the movement.

Richard Henry Wilde

1789-1847

The author of these well-known lines came from Ireland. Poverty was his by inheritance, but through his own efforts he arose to a position of distinction in law and in letters. He first lived in Georgia, when he became the Attorney-General of the State, and, later, its representative in Congress. Afterwards he moved to New Orleans and occupied a chair in the University of Louisiana. While holding this position he died of yellow fever.

The accompanying lyric, first entitled "The Lament of the Captive," is a fragment of an epic which the author planned on the life and the experiences of his brother, James Wilde, in the Seminole war. It was suggested by the story of Juan Ortez, the last survivor of the ill-fated expedition of Narvaez. Anthony Barclay translated the lines into Greek, and the *North American Review* surmised that they were from a Greek ode by Alcæus. Mr. Barclay subsequently wrote "An Authentic Account of Wilde's Alleged Plagiarism," which was published by the Georgia Historical Society in 1871.

Mr. Wilde was a student in Italian literature, his main work being "Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso." This contains graceful translations from that Italian poet. He wrote original poems for the magazines, and left an unfinished Life of Dante, together with translations of Italian lyrics.

These have not been published, but a completed poem, "Hesperia," edited by his son, appeared in Boston in 1867.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed
As though she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away;
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Their trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet still, as grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Classify this lyric. What is its stanza structure?

Its meter and kind of feet? Its rhyme order? Notice the felicity of the simile in each stanza, and the turn at "yet" in the middle. Discuss the unity of the song.

11. Observe the fine use of "date." 18. What fine musical phrase?

George Denison Prentice

1802-1870

Mr. Prentice was born in Connecticut, and taught school at an early age. He was graduated at Brown and, completing his course in law, was admitted to the bar. He never practiced his profession, however, his inclination being toward journalism. He edited the *Connecticut Mirror* and, afterwards, the *New England Weekly Review*. Moving to Louisville, Ky., he became editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and made that paper a powerful advocate of the Whig party. He resigned as editor, but continued contributions to the paper until it was consolidated with the *Courier*, forming the *Courier-Journal* of to-day.

He furnished a column of wit and humor to the *New York Ledger* for several years, and wrote many poems, which have been collected and published, with a biography, by John James Piatt. "Prenticeana" is the title of a volume made up of his pithy sayings. He did more, possibly, than any one else to encourage authorship in the South. A life-size marble statue of him stands above the entrance to the *Courier-Journal* building in Louisville.

THE CLOSING YEAR

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep-notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,

And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time! —
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the Northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back

To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

A reflective poem in blank verse. Read it aloud and note the majestic movement of the lines. In this respect it is to be compared with Bryant's "Thanatopsis." What figure abounds? Is it used ineffectively at any point?

46. Explain "serried hosts." 56. "Iron heart" is what figure? 69. "Fiery isle": in volcanic belts islands sometimes heave suddenly above the surface of the sea; and, owing to their loose foundation, almost as suddenly disappear. 71, 72. The slow process of mountain formation and disintegration here is in strong contrast to the foregoing; but both alike, together with "new empires" and "the very stars," are one when measured with Time. 73. Any criticism on the position of "new empires" in this fine climax? 79. See note to "The Lost Pleiad," by Simms, in this volume, pp. 43, 44.

Edward Coate Pinkney

1802-1828

James Pinkney, the father of Edward Coate Pinkney, was Minister to the Court of St. James. In London, during his parents' stay there, the subject of this sketch was born. The first nine years of his life were spent in the British metropolis. On his father's return to Baltimore, the family home, the boy was placed in college, but before he had completed his course he entered the United States navy. Here he remained six years, resigning at last on account of a quarrel between himself and a superior officer. After this episode he studied law and was admitted to the bar; but, as has often been the case with spirits of like temperament, he grew tired of this profession. After essaying the navy again, with the patriots of Mexico, he returned to Baltimore, and soon after was appointed professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Maryland—a position that yielded no salary. After a short while he was chosen editor of the *Marylander,* a political newspaper; but failing health soon resulted in death.

A thin volume of poems, published in 1825, embodies his contribution to literature; but it contains exquisite work. As a proof of this it is sufficient to state that, when it was proposed to publish biographical sketches of five of America's greatest poets, he was chosen as one of the number.

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers,
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years.

Of her bright face, one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;

But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane:
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old empassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain;
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of living birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, thy words.

A HEALTH. A convivial lyric. What is the rhyme scheme? Lines one and seven in each stanza have an internal rhyme.

17. Is the rhyme perfect?

SONG. Is this of the foregoing type? What is its metre? Its rhyme order? 5. "And thus I broke," etc.: is this the conclusion of a simile?

William Gilmore Simms

1806—1870

Mr. Simms early manifested a love for letters. His scholastic training was received in his native city, Charleston, S. C. He first thought of taking up medicine as a life work, but turned his attention to the law. This he never practiced, however.

Simms is better known as a novelist than as a poet. He wrote voluminously,—poems, novels, dramas, histories, book reviews, editorials, etc. His best known poem is "Atalantis"; "Yemassee" is one of his best novels. He published "Lyrical and Other Poems" in 1826; and twenty years later another book of verse, "Areytos, or Songs and Ballads of the South." He edited various journals, and did much to foster a literary spirit in his section of the Union. Other books of verse by him are: "Southern Passages and Pictures," "Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies," "Lays of the Palmetto," etc. Hayne, Timrod and others found in him a sympathetic friend. His last years were spent in a heroic fight against want,—a common experience throughout the Southland in his day. A fine bust of him adorns the Battery, in his native city.

THE POET'S VISION

Upon the Poet's soul they flash forever,
In evening shades, these glimpses strange and sweet;
They fill his heart betimes,—they leave him never,
And haunt his steps with sounds of falling feet;

He walks beside a mystery night and day;
Still wanders where the sacred spring is hidden;
Yet, would he take the seal from the forbidden,
Then must he work and watch as well as pray!
How work? How watch? Beside him—in his way,—
Springs without check the flow'r by whose choice spell,—
More potent than "herb moly,"—he can tell
Where the stream rises, and the waters play!—
Ah! spirits call'd avail not! On his eyes,
Sealed up with stubborn clay, the darkness lies.

MARION

"The Swamp Fox"

(From the Partisan)

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And, ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press,—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand,—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too—but hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
  The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand,
  When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
  A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
  May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
  Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
  Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
  The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
  Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
  And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
  And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
  The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
  There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
  And ready for the strife are we,—
The Tory camp is now in sight,
  And there he cowers within his den,—
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
  He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

THE LOST PLEIAD

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen
So long in eminence of light serene,—
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor down in mansions of the hidden deep,
Though beautiful in green
And crystal, its great caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
Her place, and, as of old, high station keep!

Gone! gone!
Oh! nevermore, to cheer
The mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it again appear,
With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep!

The upward-looking shepherd on the hills
Of Chaldea, night-returning with his flocks,
He wonders why her beauty doth not blaze,
Gladding his gaze,—
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous ways!
How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
Much wondering, while the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful vault!—how lingers, in the hope that night
May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!
And lone,
Where, at the first, in smiling love she shone,

Brood the once happy circle of bright stars:
How should they dream, until her fate was known,
That they were ever confiscate to death?
That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
That they should fall from high;
Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die,
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone!

Ah! still the strain
Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
That one of the selected ones must die,—
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever thus the destiny.
Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.
Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!

THE POET'S VISION. This is a sonnet; study its structure. 11. "Herb moly": a fabulous plant of magic potency, said by Homer to have been given to Ulysses by Mercury that he might break with it the spell of Circe.

MARION. Of what class is this? Francis Marion was called the "Swamp Fox": why appropriately?

3. Who was Tarleton? 19. Why is this particular river named? 23. "Twisted bore": the grooves in

the rifle barrel; "brand": sword. 59. "Brake and bog": explain.

THE LOST PLEIAD: an ode. Note the irregularity of its form.

14. Meaning? 16, 18, 19. Does his fondness for compounds lead to a bold use? 30. The remaining six "brood" over the fate of their sister. Give the thought from this line down to 36. 36. Mythology accounts for the disappearance of the star in several ways: the one that it was destroyed by lightning is here accepted. 37. Justify "concerted springs of harmony snapt." This and the succeeding line are especially fine. 44 to the close: does the application add to the art of the poem? Does the figure at the close redeem the moralizing?

The Pleiades, seven in number, were the daughters of Atlas and Pleione. They hunted with Diana. On one of these hunting occasions Orion met them; and, being enamored, pursued them. They prayed the gods to change their forms, and Jupiter turned them first into pigeons, afterward into a constellation.

It requires a very keen sight to discern in this constellation more than six stars. Hence, as seven were mentioned, the ancients naturally concluded that one of the cluster was lost. One explanation was that noted above. Another was that the lost Pleiad was Electra, who withdrew in sorrow at the fall of Ilium and the misfortunes of her descendants, Dardanus having been her son. Another story was that the missing sister was Merope, who veiled her light because of shame that she alone had married a mortal.

Edgar Allan Poe

1809—1849

Nothing more can be given here than a condensed statement of some of the main facts regarding the life and works of this, in some respects, most notable American writer. It would require a volume to treat the subject with any measure of completeness. Such volumes have been prepared, that by Professor Woodberry about as impartial and satisfactory as any.

The great-grandfather of Edgar, John Poe, was a descendant from one of the officers of Cromwell. He came from Ireland to Pennsylvania about 1745. A son of his, David, was a Revolutionary patriot, and his son of the same name was the father of the poet. This David Poe was educated for the law, but went upon the stage, and in 1845 married an actress, Elizabeth Arnold. While the parents were filling an engagement at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, Edgar, their second son, was born, January 19, 1809.

Being left an orphan at two years of age, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, of Richmond; hence Poe's middle name. The Allans took him abroad in 1815 and placed him in school near London. Five years later he was brought back to Richmond and was sent to a private school there. He showed marked precocity in those years. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia, but was withdrawn in a year and placed in his foster-father's counting-room. Restless in this position, he left Richmond to seek his fortune.

Going first to Boston, he put forth his earliest venture, "Tamerlane, and Other Poems," which met with no response. Next he enlisted as Edgar A. Perry in the United States army. Presumably tiring of this service, he made his whereabouts known to Mr. Allan, through whose efforts he was released and appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy. He stood well at West Point for a while, but on Mr. Allan's refusing to sanction his resignation he purposely brought about his own dismissal. Meantime he had published a second collection, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," which, like the first, created no impression. Now, as he left West Point, his third book appeared. It bore the title "Poems" and was issued mainly through the subscriptions of his fellow-students. At this the silence was broken—it did elicit ridicule.

About this time Poe was cut entirely adrift from his benefactors, Mrs. Allan having died and her husband having remarried. Poe went to Baltimore and became an inmate of the home of his aunt, Mrs. Clemm. Soon after he received his first pronounced encouragement, in the way of one hundred dollars from the *Saturday Visitor* for his story, "A MS. Found in a Bottle." He worked, later, on the *Southern Literary Messenger,* and gained high distinction for that periodical. In 1836 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a child of thirteen; and the next year went to New York, invited, as some say, by Dr. Francis L. Hawkes to become a contributor to the recently established *New York Review.* He furnished only one article for this journal; but during this period in New York he finished his "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which had been partially published in the *Messenger.* He moved to

and fro,—to Philadelphia, back to New York,—contributing to periodicals and publishing collections of his tales—always with the hope that one day he should have a magazine of his own.

When "The Raven and Other Poems" appeared in 1845, Poe was the most prominent writer of the time; but his wife's health was fast failing, and his own constitution, whipped to over-work, was speedily becoming exhausted. The family was reduced to poverty and moved to the little cottage at Fordham, near New York, where Mrs. Poè died. Shattered in health, Poe entered upon a lecturing tour to repair his broken fortune, and in a short while was found dying in a polling-place in Baltimore.

A marble monument stands to his memory in Baltimore; a memorial was erected to him in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; and within the last few years a bronze bust of him was unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, at the University of Virginia, and he has been enrolled among the notables to be represented in the Hall of Fame, New York City.

Without doubt he was the greatest poet, essayist, critic, and romancer the South has brought forth,—if, indeed, he has been equalled in America. His writings have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages; and many editions in English have appeared.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That, gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung:
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read? the requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride:
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes;
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven!
Let no bell toll, then,—lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!
And I!—to-night my heart is light!—no dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!"

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years.
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible Woe.

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude:
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore":
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though his answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then
he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—"Other friends
have flown before:
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smil-
ing,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
nous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above
my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the
worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and the shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gayly jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
  The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
  The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
  Of my most immemorial year;

It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here)
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
As the star dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
  She rolls through an ether of sighs,
  She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
  These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
  To point us the path to the skies,
  To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up in spite of the Lion,
  To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
  With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
  Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust,
  Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
  Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
  Wings till they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
  Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
  Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
  Let us on by this tremulous light!
  Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
  With hope and in beauty to-night:
  See, it flickers up the sky through the
    night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
  And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming

That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side,
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows
By the twanging
And the clanging
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells.
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
  For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
  A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
  And all the flowers were mine.

Ah! dream too bright to last!
  Ah! starry hope that didst arise
But to be overcast!
  A voice from out the future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
  (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
  The light of life is o'er!
  No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
  To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
  Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
  And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
  And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
  By what eternal streams.

To HELEN. Classify this graceful lyric. 2. Allusion seems to be confused: possibly Phæacian is meant,—or more likely the poet chose the word

for its sound. 4. What poetic touch? 7. "Hyacinth": becoming Hyacinthus, the youth beloved of Apollo. 8. "Naiad": a rural nymph. 9, 10. Bold metaphors. 14. "Psyche": read the beautiful story of Psyche and Cupid, and see note under "Ulalume."

ISRAFEL. There is a thrill of joy in this lyric; the poem, therefore, is unique. The singer rises for once like the lark, above the mists, and carols in the morning light. 12. "Levin": lightning. What kind of epithet is "red"? 13. Why the adjective with "Pleiades"? 26. "Houri": a nymph of Paradise;—so called by Mohammedans. 32. "The laurels": symbolical of highest lyrical attainments. 36. "Suit": are in perfect accord. 43, 44. Explain.

LENORE. 1. What Biblical allusion? 2. "Stygian river": the Styx, a fabled stream, flows around the regions of the dead. 9. Any criticism of "in feeble health"? 12. Criticise a phrase in this line. 13. "Peccavimus": a Latin verb meaning "We have sinned." Does the foreign word add to the beauty of the poem? 26. "Pæan": a song of triumph.

THE HAUNTED PALACE. This extended metaphor is drawn out with powerful effect. Stedman has truthfully said: "The conception of a lost mind never has been so imaginatively treated, whether by poet or by painter."

1. Under the happiest conditions. 2. "Good angels": beautiful fancies. 3. "Palace": the body. 7, 8. Meaning? 9-16. Of these lines Myers has written with this keen appreciation: "What inward impulse struck the strong note of Banners; and marshalled those long vowels in deepening choir; and interjected the intensifying pause, *all this;* and led on through air to the melancholy olden; and hung in the void of an unknown eternity the diapason of

Time long ago?" What are the "banners," the "roof" and "the ramparts plumed and pallid"? 17. "Wanderers": kindred spirits that communed with the one described. 18. "Luminous windows": the eyes. 19, 20. Poetic dreams. 22. Born to the purple. 25. "The ruler": the mind. 26, 27. Explain pearl, ruby and palace door. 29. "Echoes": words. Aptly characterized, for words fail to express fully the poet's thoughts. 33. "Evil things": explain. 35, 36. The parenthesis indicates a subordinate, but this is pregnant with thought—give it. 42. "Red-litten windows": a masterful stroke and in strong contrast to the "luminous windows" above. What further antitheses below to foregoing descriptions? 46. "The pale door": this is pathos indeed. 48. In the laugh of the maniac—the laugh without the smile—the gloom is absolute.

THE CONQUEROR WORM. This is the most unrelievedly hopeless of all Poe's lyrics. It is a cry of abject despair. 1. The "gala light" heightens the effect of the entire poem. 8. Music supposed to be produced by the harmonious movement of the heavenly bodies. 9 "Mimes": actors in a farce. Mortal beings are meant—a man in the image of God:—a fearful state in the poet's life. 13. "Vast formless things": Fate, Chance, etc. 19. "Phantom": Happiness. Though she lead the chasing crowd far, she circles with them about the sepulchre. 25-32. There is sheer madness in these lines. 36. A fine correspondence between sound and sense: wherein lies the secret?

THE RAVEN. This is the most notable of all Poe's work, whether prose or poetry. In it he reached his highest excellence. He wrought into its composition all his wealth of love, gloom, glamour, symbolism,

imagery, harmony, mystery, despair. The critics differ as to its relative value, however.

Various sources have been suggested from which Poe drew his inspiration: Pike's "Isadore," (included in this book) with its refrain,—

"Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore";

and Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," with certain points of resemblance,—the line, for instance,—

"With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain."

which is strongly like Poe's,—

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

But the intricate metre, the conjuring melody, the fantastic imagery, the ethereal visitants, the croaking raven, the lurid setting—these are Poe's, no matter whence his materials.

Despite its unique tone-color and well-nigh insurmountable intricacies of rhyme, it has been repeatedly translated into French, German, Hungarian, Latin, etc., so strengthening Mr. Ingram's estimate of it as the most popular lyric in the world.

3. Correspondence between sound and sense: what figure? 4. Notice the repetition. 7-12. Introduced for suspense. What point of difference between this stanza and all others? 25, 26. Striking alliteration. 28, 29. It is hard to understand how the author of these magical lines could be content with the prosaic refrain,—

"Merely this and nothing more."

37. "Flirt and flutter": figure? This is graphic. 41. The bust of Pallas is in keeping with the lover's scholarship—but one suspects it was intended also

to bring out in the strongest possible relief the ebony plumage of the bird. 42-48. What dramatic effect has the stanza, introduced, as it is, after the grave reflections and intimations that precede? 45. Explain this line. 47. "Pluto," the god of darkness, ruled over the infernal regions. 48. How does the raven's answer to his playful question affect the man? 60. Notice the soliloquizing that elicited this reply, and the effect on the lover in the next stanza. The third reply, also, was an answer to spoken reflections; but afterwards the "Nevermore" was a reply to a direct question so framed that the word stabbed the lover to the heart. 82. "Nepenthe": a drug that relieves pain and sorrow. 89. "Balm in Gilead": what allusion? 93. "Aidenn": Eden; suggested by the Arabic form of the word, Adan. 101. What powerful metaphor?

"It will be observed," says Poe, "that the words 'from out my heart' involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer 'Nevermore,' dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen."

106. In answer to the criticism on this line, that the lamp could not throw the shadow of the bird on the floor, Poe says: "My conception was that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces, and even in some of the better houses of New York."

THE CITY IN THE SEA. 3. Why place the city in

the west? 7. "Tremble not": why this statement? 9. "By lifting winds forgot": complete stagnation. 14-23. The city of the dead is pictured more distinctly here, though "kingly halls" is a little confusing. Explain the figures. "No rays from holy heaven come down": no positive voice of those that leave us speaks back to us across the gloom, but death itself diffuses a lurid light. 24, 25. Any criticism on the repetition? 26, 27. A marvellous touch! 33. Rich memorials to the dead. 40, 41. Nothing there suggestive of the past of those silent voyagers. 42-53. A vision of the Resurrection; read this meaning into the lines.

ULALUME. 2, 3. Repetition. What figure in each of these lines? 5. Figure? 6. "Auber," "Weir," and "Yaanek," are coinages by the poet. 10. "Titanic": the Titans were mythological giants who made war on Zeus. 12. "Psyche": the word is Greek and first meant soul, later, butterfly, since both leave the body or chrysalis and escape into another sphere. 14. "Scoriac": explained in next line. 21. Repeated with a variation. 30. "Senescent": derivation? 37. "Astarte": the Phœnician Venus, called also Astoreth, the queen of the heaven, and here identified with Diana, the goddess of the moon. She is represented as clad in a long robe and veil, with a crescent moon above her head. 44. "The Lion": the constellation, Leo. 46. "Lethean": the Lethe, a river of Hades, brought forgetfulness to those who drank of its waters. 64. Sibyllic": the Sibyls, mythological women, had prophetic powers.

It is impossible to trace a definite thought through this poem. One should yield to its spell just as one would to the fantasies of some old master.

ANNABEL LEE. Stedman considers this superior to "The Raven," while Stoddard averred that it has no merit beyond that of a melodious jingle. It is one of the poet's simplest and tenderest poems. There is a charm in its spontaneity. The lines are a tribute to the memory of his lost wife, the only woman, thinks Mrs. Osgood, that he ever truly loved. Of her personality Captain Mayne Reid says, "A lady angelically beautiful in person, and not less beautiful in spirit."

2. "Kingdom by the sea": the kingdom is Time; the sea, Eternity. 17. "Highborn kinsmen": angels. 38. Professor Painter thinks this line may be taken literally, but one would prefer to read it figuratively,—the poet's heart lies buried with his loved one.

THE BELLS. The story of "The Bells," as given by Mr. Stoddard, is as follows: "In the autumn of this year [1847] Poe visited Mrs. Shew at her residence in New York and said that he had a poem to write, but that he had no feeling, no sentiment, no inspiration. She persuaded him to have tea, which was served in the conservatory, the windows of which were open and admitted the sound of neighboring church-bells. After tea she produced pens and paper, but he declined them, saying that he disliked the sound of bells so much that night that he could not write; he had no subject, and was exhausted. She took the pen and wrote the head-line, 'The Bells, by E. A. Poe,' and for the first line of the projected poem, 'The bells, the little silver bells.' He finished the stanza. She then suggested for the first line of the second stanza, 'The heavy iron bells,' and he finished that stanza also. Then he copied the

composite poem, and heading it, 'By Mrs. M. L. Shew,' handed it to her, saying it was hers."

The poem was three times rewritten and enlarged, and was published in 1849, soon after Poe's death, in *Sartain's Magazine*. The following is the first form of the poem:

"The bells!—hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells!

The bells!—ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a melody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells!

Notice how the words and the rhythm in the poem as we now have it correspond to the sense; "tintinnabulation," "jingling," "tinkling," expressive of the chime of sleigh bells; and "bells, bells, bells, bells," etc., of the monotony of their sound. What figure is this? Observe the "molten-golden notes" of the wedding bells; the "jangling," "wrangling,"

of the fire bells; and the "throbbing," "sobbing," "moaning," "groaning," of the death bells. Trace the figure throughout.

TO ONE IN PARADISE. What is the metre? The rhyme order? The stanza form? What is the mood that prompted the poem? What is the central theme? The lyric note is especially clear in the first and the last stanza. What difference as to structure in the second and the third? 10. What "voice"? 16. The long-drawn roar of the sea is heard in this line. 19, 20. "Thunder-blasted tree—stricken eagle": figures? 25, 26. "What—what": whatever.

Albert Pike

1809—1891

Though Pike was born in Boston, the fact that he organized bodies of Indians and, as a brigadier-general, led them in the Confederate Army, identifies him with the South.

After an incomplete course at Harvard he engaged in teaching at Newburyport for a while; then he set out for the Southwest: and, after wandering for a time through that vast region, settled at Fort Smith, Ark. There he resumed his teaching, but soon afterward became editor of the Arkansas *Advocate*. This position he held only a short while, turning his attention to the law, in which profession he distinguished himself. Meanwhile he kept up his literary pursuits, contributing to *Blackwood's*, for one thing, his notable "Hymns to the Gods." In 1866 he moved to Memphis, where he engaged in the practice of law, and a year later took editorial control of the Memphis *Appeal*. Within a twelvemonth he sold out and went to Washington; there he spent the remainder of his life.

In his latter years he followed his literary bent, at the same time keeping up his law practice. He published four volumes of verse, "Nugae," including "Hymns to the Gods," being his most notable. He was prominent as a Freemason, and left some twenty volumes on that subject.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
  Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
  And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide;
  No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations; they have died:
  None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
  O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
  The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
  Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
  Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
  No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
  Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
  Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
  Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
  With a bright harmony of happiness,

Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
  Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become
  With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
  As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
  Through the fresh wood, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
  Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
  And vanish in the human heart; and then
  I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
  Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with nature,—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
  Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
  Through the thick woods and shadow-checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
  The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
  As now, my garments of regret and care,—
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
  Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard;
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,

To welcome me within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and, from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

EVERY YEAR

The spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor does autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost springs with sobs replying,
Unto weary autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;

I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights have more of sadness,
Every year;
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The wind and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time and death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Our life is less worth living,
Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
Every year;

And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes, forgetful,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the clouds grow darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
And the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year."
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year."
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Too true! Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;

Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

THE WIDOWED HEART

Thou art lost to me forever!—I have lost thee, Isadore!
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more;
Thy tender eyes will never more look fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine,—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art dead and gone, dear loving wife, thy heart
is still and cold,
And mine, benumbed with wretchedness, is prema-
turely old:
Of our whole world of love and joy thou wast the
only light,—
A star, whose setting left behind, ah me! how dark
a night!—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I tend with
anxious care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as though they
wanted air:
They cannot live without thine eyes to feed them
with their light;
Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love, they
cannot grow aright;—
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our little ones inquire of me where is their mother
gone:—
What answer can I make to them, except with tears
alone,
For if I say "To Heaven," then the poor things wish
to learn
How far it is, and where, and when their mother will
return;—
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent
place;
Like heaven without its stars it is, without thy
blessed face;

Our little ones are still and sad;—none love them now but I,
Except their mother's spirit, which I feel is always nigh;—
Thou lovest us in heaven, Isadore!

Their merry laugh is heard no more, they neither run nor play,
But wander round like little ghosts, the long, long summer day:
The spider weaves his web across the windows at his will,
The flowers I gathered for thee last are on the mantel still;—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Restless I pace our lonely rooms, I play our songs no more,
The garish sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings, O melancholy strain!
For my heart is like an autumn cloud that overflows with rain;
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve in spring,
When first my love for thee was told, and thou to me didst cling,
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, pressing thy lips to mine,
In our old arbor, Dear, beneath the overarching vine;—
Thy lips are cold forever, Isadore!

The moonlight struggled through the leaves, and fell
upon thy face,
So lovingly upturning there, with pure and trustful
gaze;
The southern breezes murmured through the dark
cloud of thy hair,
As like a happy child thou didst in my arms nestle
there;—
Death holds thee now forever, Isadore!

Thy love and faith so plighted then, with mingled
smile and tear,
Was never broken, Darling, while we dwelt together
here:
Nor bitter word, nor dark, cold look thou ever gavest
me—
Loving and trusting always, as I loved and wor-
shipped thee;—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter
in health,
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our
wealth:
The voice of music cheered me, Love, in each de-
spondent hour,
As Heaven's sweet honey-dew consoles the bruised
and broken flower—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art gone from me forever;—I have lost thee,
Isadore!
And desolate and lonely I shall be forever more:

Our children hold me, Darling, or I to God should
pray
To let me cast the burthen of this long, dark life
away,
And see thy face in Heaven, Isadore!

To THE MOCKING-BIRD. Read Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," and trace its influence in this poem. 5. "The spherèd tomb": of the Mound-Builders. 20. Effect of the short syllables? 56. "Hopes deferred": is this original?

EVERY YEAR. Criticise the sentiment of this poem. To what is its merit mainly due? Criticise the unity; for instance, in 11 and 94. 49-56. Compare with these the following lines from Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine":

"And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful—
Weeps that no loves endure."

As to these lines, a son of Mr. Pike, now living in Washington, D. C., writes, April 5, 1904, to Dr. C. A. Smith, now of the University of Virginia: "The lines you quote were not written by my father. While he made changes in the poem at different times, these lines never appeared in any publication of the poem by his sanction. 'Every Year' was first written by my father soon after the Civil War. I am unable to give you the exact date."

Dr. Smith may be correct in the following solution: "Some irresponsible editor evidently interpolated the lines in question. This has long been a conjecture of mine, inasmuch as what seem to be the authorized editions of the poem do not contain the Swinburnean lines."

Only seven stanzas make the complete poem as given in Stedman and Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature": 2, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Read Swinburne's marvellously musical poem, referred to, and compare it with this at other points.

THE WIDOWED HEART. Compare this poem carefully with Poe's "Raven," and decide whether or not the latter was inspired by it. What is the theme in both? Is the feeling feigned or sincere? Is the refrain ever forced in? If so, where?

Philip Pendleton Cooke

1816-1850

This author was a Virginian, an elder brother of John Esten Cooke, the novelist. He was an alumnus of Princeton, 1834, and prepared himself for the law; literature, however, lured him away from this profession.

His poems and stories were published chiefly in the *Southern Literary Messenger* while Thompson was its editor; but, at an earlier period, he had contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

His lyric given here, together with others, as "Rosa Lee" and "To My Daughter Lily," became very popular. The first has been translated into different languages, and has been set to music by distinguished composers. His only volume was "Froissart Ballads, and Other Poems," Philadelphia, 1847.

FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly,
  Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
  Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
  My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
  Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
  The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
  At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
  Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
  Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
  In their prime:
Thy voice excelled the closes
  Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
  Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
  Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
  Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
  Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
  Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
  Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
  By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
  Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
  Never wane.
Where thine earthly part is lying,
  Florence Vane.

Is there any resemblance between this and Pike's "Every Year"? 6. "Dear pain": meaning? Figure? 14. "Elysian": blissful abodes of the dead. 19. "Closes": cadences. 21, 22. Figure? 22. "Without a main": in what respect?

Amelia B. Welby

1819-1859

Mrs. Welby was a Miss Coppuck, of St. Michael's, Md., but when she was a child her parents removed to Kentucky. In 1837 she began writing verses for the Louisville *Journal*, under the name, "Amelia," her work receiving high praise from Poe, Prentice, Griswold, and others.

A small collection of her verses, "Poems by Amelia," Boston, 1844, has gone through more than twenty editions. A larger one, with illustrations, was published in New York, 1850, by Robert W. Weir.

THE RAINBOW

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.

'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light, sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
  As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
  Ten thousand in the sea:
For every wave, with dimpled face,
  That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
  And held it trembling there.

THE RAINBOW. 18. Is this a figure? 20. What figure here? 33. Is there a change of treatment at this point? What, if so? 43, 44. Is this figure accurately applied?

TWILIGHT AT SEA. A delicate bit of fancy.

Theodore O'Hara

1820-1867

Theodore O'Hara, the author of a few stirring lyrics, was the son of Kane O'Hara, a political exile from Ireland. He was born in Danville, Ky., and was educated at St. Joseph's Academy, where he taught Greek while he was finishing his studies. After graduation he read law and was admitted to the bar. Later he was employed in the Treasury Department at Washington.

He took part in the Mexican War, first as a captain of volunteers, but afterwards was advanced to major, for gallantry on the field, and to yet higher honors in the service. At the close of this war he returned to Washington and resumed the practice of his profession. Turning his face southward again, he became editorially connected at different times with the Mobile *Register*, the Louisville *Times*, and the Frankfort *Yeoman*. Moreover, the government sent him on several diplomatic missions.

He became a colonel in the Civil War, and served on the staffs of Generals A. S. Johnston and J. C. Breckinridge. After the war he settled in Columbus, Ga., where he engaged in the cotton business. Losing everything by fire, he removed to a plantation in Alabama, where he died. He was buried in Columbus, but by an act of the Kentucky legislature his remains were reinterred in Frankfort amid those whom his noble stanzas commemorate.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
  Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
  That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
  Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
  Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
  O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
  The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
  Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
  Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
  Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd band
  The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
  His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
  Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
  O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
  Above its mouldering slain.

The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
  Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
  In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

When the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista were brought back to Frankfort this lyric was written for the occasion. It burns with a living fire. Lines from it are engraved on tablets in many of the National cemeteries. 7. "Round": the beat of a sentry. 8. "Bivouac": define. 16. "Braying—screaming": felicitous epithets. 36. "The serried foe": the Mexicans under Santa Anna. 37. "Who": he who. 47. "Stout old chieftain": Taylor, the American commander. 58. "Angostura's plain": a pass held by the Americans in the battle of Buena Vista. 65. Kentucky, an Indian name, means "the Dark and Bloody Ground." 75. The Spartan mother bade her son return with his shield or on it.

Henry Rootes Jackson

1820-1898

Mr. Jackson, a native of Georgia, was a graduate of Yale, 1839, and the next year was admitted to the bar of his State. He was appointed United States District Attorney three years later. After serving as colonel of a Georgia regiment in the Mexican War, he was for a year editor of the Savannah *Georgian*.

He arose in his profession to be judge of the superior court, and was appointed consul at the court of Austria, the next year becoming resident minister there. Resigning this post, he returned to Savannah, and for a brief period was chancellor of the University of Georgia.

In the Civil War he became a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, and was captured, with all his forces, in the fight at Nashville. Upon his liberation at the close of the war he returned to Savannah and took up anew his practice of law. He was sent on one more diplomatic mission,—as minister to Mexico,—but he resigned in a few months.

He was a prominent figure in the literature, art, science, and education of his State. "Tallulah and Other Poems," printed in Savannah, 1851, represents his contribution to poesy.

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA

The red old hills of Georgia!
So bold and bare and bleak,
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.

They have no robe of verdure,
  Stript naked to the blast;
And yet of all the varied earth
  I love them best at last.

The red old hills of Georgia!
  My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
  Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
  Though washed so bleak and bare;—
How can my spirit e'er forget
  The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,
  The generous, kind, and gay;
And for the dead who slumber
  Within their breast of clay.
I love them for the bounty
  Which cheers the social hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls,
  The fairest on the earth.

The red old hills of Georgia!
  Where, where, upon the face
Of earth is freedom's spirit
  More bright in any race?—
In Switzerland and Scotland
  Each patriot breast it fills,
But sure it blazes brighter yet
  Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
  Is heart to feeling dead?—
And when has needy stranger
  Gone from those hills unfed?

There bravery and kindness
For aye go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
"My own, my native land!"

The red old hills of Georgia!
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet;—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love!

MY WIFE AND CHILD

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest,—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now while she kneels before Thy throne,
  Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone
  Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
  No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
  Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
  The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
  Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
  Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
  The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
  Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA. A patriotic lyric. Is the feeling sincere? Scan the first stanza and analyze it. 8. "At last": does this phrase fall naturally to its place? 12. "Oconee": one of the tributaries of the Altamaha. 22. "Social hearth": figure? 40. A quotation from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." 46. Criticise this.

MY WIFE AND CHILD. What is the theme in this? The stanza structure and measure? 1. "Tattoo": a beat of drum at night, signalling the soldiers to their tents. 11, 12. This is fervent. 24. Allusion? 25-30. The grammatical relation of this?

Francis Orray Ticknor

1822-1874

Ticknor, too, belongs to Georgia, and does honor to the State. After studying medicine in New York and Philadelphia he took up his lifework at his country residence, "Torch Hill," near Columbus. He wrote because he could not but write; and from the character of the bits he left one wishes he had devoted more time to poetry. In 1879 some of his fugitives were collected and published under the title, "Poems," edited by Paul H. Hayne.

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

The Knightliest of the Knightly race,
  That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
  Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindliest of the kindly band
  That rarely hating ease!
Yet rode with Raleigh round the land,
  With Smith around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
  Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
  The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
  Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
  With loveliness and worth!

We thought they slept! the men who kept
  The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
  Around their vigil fires!
But aye! the golden horseshoe Knights
  Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
  But not a knight asleep.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire—
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he, sixteen—
Spectre, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"Not the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our Summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!—
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,—
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't!—Nay! more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—

"Dear Mother!" at first, of course, and
then
"Dear Captain!" enquiring about the men.
—Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five
Giffen and I are left alive."

"Johnston pressed at the front," they say;—
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;—
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of
fight,
But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly Knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here—
I'd give the best on his bended knee—
The whitest soul of my chivalry—
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

LOYAL

The Douglas—in the days of old—
The gentle minstrels sing,
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
The heart of Bruce, his King.

Through Paynim lands to Palestine,
Befall what peril might,
To lay that heart on Christ his shrine
His Knightly word he plight.

A weary way, by night and day,
  Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day
  Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears,
  They faltered from his side;
And one by one his heavy tears
  Fell for the Brave who died.

Till fierce and black, around his track,
  He saw the combat close,
And counted but a single sword
  Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
  He bared his solemn brow,
Oh, Kingliest and Knightliest,
  Go first in battle, now!

Where leads my Lord of Bruce, the Sword
  Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward! and to the feet of Christ
  I follow thee, to-day.

The casket flashed! The Battle clashed,
  Thundered and rolled away.
And dead above the Heart of Bruce
  The heart of Douglas lay.

"Loyal!" Methinks the antique mould
  Is lost!—or Theirs alone,
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of gold,
  Like Douglas with their own!

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY. 6. Explain. 7. Sir Walter Raleigh, the first projector of colonies in the New World. He did not attend the expedition; so what figure in "rode with Raleigh"? 9. "Embattled": in what sense? 12. "Lily and Rose": symbolical. To whom do they refer? 13-16. Give the meaning. 21. "The golden horseshoe Knights": followers of Spotswood, a Virginia pioneer, each having been given a golden horseshoe.

LITTLE GIFFEN. There is intense energy in this poem, written in honor of a little Tennessee lad who was wounded probably at the battle of Murfreesboro. Dr. Ticknor nursed him back to life at "Torch Hill." 13. Explain. 25. "Johnston": Joseph E., a Confederate general. 29. Giffen was killed, but in what battle it is not known,—in some fight near Atlanta, in 1864. 31-37. What reference here?

LOYAL. These ringing lines were written in memory of General Cleburne, who at the battle of Franklin was ordered to storm some difficult position. Against his better judgment he obeyed the command and lost his life. It will be noticed that the only direct reference to the hero is made in the last stanza, but he was all that Douglas was. 4. "Bruce": the Scottish king had planned to go upon a crusade to the Holy Land, but never carried out his wish. At his death, legend has it, he entrusted his heart to Douglas, with the request that he take it to Jerusalem. 5. "Paynim": heathen. 7. "Christ his shrine": an early way of expressing possession. 13. "Valiant spears": what figure? 29, 30. Figures in these lines?

John Reuben Thompson

1823-1873

As editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* Thompson did much toward creating and nurturing a love of letters in the South. Through the pages of that journal many whose names are now household words first found voice.

He was a Virginian; a graduate of the University of that State. The law was his chosen field, but was abandoned for literature. Failing health compelled him to give up the *Messenger* and leave Richmond in search of a more genial climate. He first went to Augusta, and undertook the editorship of the *Southern Field and Fireside,* but, finding no restoration, he went to London, where he resided for several years. Afterwards he returned to America and became literary editor of the New York *Evening Post,* a position he filled with great acceptability. Forced to give this up, he wandered again, sojourning a while in Colorado and elsewhere, yet receiving no permanent benefit. In 1873 he died in New York, and was buried in Richmond.

Within the past few years Dr. Kent, of the University of Virginia, has planned a collection of his poems.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain—now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
  And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
  With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
  The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
  To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
  Gave this one touch of Nature.

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render,
  Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
  Shine, oh saddened moon!
"Dead upon the field of glory,"
Hero fit for song and story,
  Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
  Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim,
  Rode at Templestowe;

With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth we know.

Never more, alas! shall sabre
Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight; fulfilled his labour;
Stilled his manly breast.
All unheard sweet Nature cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
Now he takes his rest.

Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay;
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day;
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust!

MUSIC IN CAMP. This narrates a true incident at the battle of Fredericksburg. 8. "Embrasure": an aperture in a fort through which a cannon is discharged. 12. The Rappahannock. The influence of both Shakespeare and Tennyson is seen in this poem: where?

ASHBY. In memory of Turner Ashby, a gallant

officer in the Confederate Army who lost his life in battle near Harrisonburg, June 6, 1862. 7. "Dragoon": a soldier trained to serve either on horse or on foot. 11. "Templestowe": The Castle of Templestowe was one of the "preceptories," or fortified lodges, of the Knights Templars," described in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Ivanhoe." It was in the tilt-yard of this preceptory that the mortal combat took place between Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe and one of the Knights of the Temple, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. 23. Read Collins' "How Sleep the Brave."

James Matthews Legare

1823-1859.

Legare was a native of Charleston, S. C. He was an inventor and writer, contributing both verse and prose to various magazines. "Orta-Undis, and Other Poems," published in 1847, contains his best work. I have been able to collect very few facts about his life.

TO A LILY

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less:
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: so she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again.
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone,
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

AHAB MOHAMMED

A peasant stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
Who cried again,—"For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were dumb;
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.
Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed;
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave,

The other gladly to his guest he gave.
"I have no more to give," he cheerily said:
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
Then lifts his eyes,—the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea, more than finest gold."

AMY

This is the pathway where she walked,
The tender grass pressed by her feet.
The laurel boughs laced overhead,
Shut out the noonday heat.

The sunshine gladly stole between
The softly undulating limbs.
From every blade and leaf arose
The myriad insect hymns.

A brook ran murmuring beneath
The grateful twilight of the trees,
Where from the dripping pebbles swelled
A beach's mossy knees.

And there her robe of spotless white,
(Pure white such purity beseemed!)
Her angel face, and tresses bright
Within the basin gleamed.

The coy sweetbriers half detained
Her light hem as we moved along!
To hear the music of her voice
The mockbird hushed his song.

But now her little feet are still,
Her lips the Everlasting seal;
The hideous secrets of the grave
The weeping eyes reveal.

The path still winds, the brook descends.
The skies are bright as then they were.
My Amy is the only leaf
In all that forest sere.

TO A LILY. A piquant love lyric. What tone pervades it? 11. Any criticism on the measure? 14. Venus, the goddess of love, was born of sea-foam.

AHAB MOHAMMED. What poem by another American writer works to the same conclusion as this? Read also "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt. 14. What allusion? 18. Does it differ in measure? 38. A very inapt figure: why? 43. "The Mede": what figure and why?

AMY. A touching lyric of grief. 23-28. Give the thought.

John William Palmer

1825-1896

Though a physician by profession, Palmer is known better as an author. He was a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of the University of Maryland. He practiced medicine in San Francisco, going later as a surgeon on the East India Company's war steamer, *Phlegethon,* in the Burmese War. In the Civil War he was correspondent for the New York *Tribune,* and up till his death was an occasional contributor to periodicals. He translated and compiled many volumes, wrote a novel, "After His Kind," under the pen name, "John Coventry," and left several ballads of native strength. "Stonewall Jackson's Way," given below, was written at Oakland, Md., September 17, while the battle of Antietam was in progress.

THE FIGHT AT THE SAN JACINTO

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
  Said Harman big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
  And puffed at his cold clay bowl;
"For we are a skulking lot," says he,
  "Of land-thieves hereabout,
And these bold señores, two to one,
  Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castillon,
  Almonte brave and gay,
Portilla red from Goliad,
  And Cos with his smart array.

Dulces and cigarritos,
  And the light guitar, ting-tum!
Sant' Anna courts siesta,
  And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—
  "Is it patter of nuts that fall?"
The foal of the wild mare whinnies—
  Did he hear the Comanche call?
In the brake by the crawling bayou
  The slinking she-wolves howl;
And the mustang's snort in the river sedge
  Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
  And a roll not loud nor long—
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,
  Nor spoil Almonte's song.
Saddles and knives and rifles!
  Lord! but the men were glad
When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"
  And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
  And the fifer gripped his gun.
Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,
  As we took the slope in a run!
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
  Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
  And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
  And the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge and Crockett's shot,
  And Fannin's dancing blade;

And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
  In his joy so hot and mad—
When Millard charged for Alamo,
  Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
  Into the shock and rout:
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge
  There's no sneak's back-way out!"
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
  Pistol and blade and fist
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
  And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigarritos,
  Song and the mandolin!
That gory swamp is a gruesome grove
  To dance fandangoes in.
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
  That fell in that frantic rout;
We slew and slew till the sun set red,
  And the Texas star flashed out.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
  Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
  We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
  There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
  Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks,—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him ——;"
    well,
  That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
  Old Blue-Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
  Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
    Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
  Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
  His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick-step! we're with him before morn!"
  That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
  Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
  Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
  In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

THE FIGHT AT SAN JACINTO. A battle of the Mexican War. Classify the poem. Point out passages of notable grace; as 9-16; of sound corresponding to sense, as 14; of animated description, as 17-24; of powerful energy, as 49-56. Characterize other lines. Note the Spanish names used, thus giving local color to the work. 10. "Almonte": one of the aides of Santa Anna, captured in this fight. 11. "Goliad": county seat of Goliad county in southern Texas, and the scene of a most perfidious act on the part of the Mexicans, where Colonel James W. Fannin and over three hundred Texans, after having surrendered and been disarmed on the understanding that they were to be treated as prisoners of war, were marched out and shot down. 42-44. "Travis, Crockett, Bowie": Texan leaders who, at the head of 140 men, were besieged in the old mission station of San Antonio de Valerio (otherwise known as the Alamo) by 4000 Mexicans, February 23, 1836. For ten days the fort was defended stubbornly against frequent assaults, and appeals for reinforcements were repeatedly sent out, but only thirty-two men could get through the Mexican lines. On the sixth of March three attacks were made, and the handful of Texans were cut down until only six were left: Joseph Travis, David Crockett, and James

Bowie, with three others. They fought desperately in a hand-to-hand struggle, and surrendered only under promise of protection, but Santa Anna again was faithless to his promise, and ordered them to be hacked to pieces. Hence, "Remember the Alamo!" was the battle cry at San Jacinto. Discuss other characters and places named.

This lyric has all the dash and fire of a cavalry charge.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY. A lyric of praise, Characterize its style. Is it graphic, strong, animated, elliptical? 13. "Blue-Light Elder." Jackson was a Presbyterian elder. Blue-light is a composition used in war to give signals; so called from the color of its flame. 14. "Banks": the Federal commander that Jackson pounced upon in the Valley of Virginia. 22. "Forma pauperis": posture of a beggar. 27. "Hill": a Confederate general. Locate other leaders mentioned.

Augustus Julian Requier

1825-1887

Judge Requier, a South Carolinian, was of French descent. He was educated in his native city, Charleston, and was admitted to the bar at nineteen. His first contributions to letters began to appear earlier than this, even. In 1850 he removed to Mobile, where he was appointed United States District Attorney. During the Civil War he was Attorney for Alabama, and at the close of hostilities he went to New York City and established a practice.

As an author he is known in several departments: fiction, drama, law, essay, poetry. He won success in all, but distinction in his lyrics. They deserve more careful study than they have yet received, for they are chaste, logical, vigorous, symmetrical. His "Crystalline," "Legend of Tremaine," "Ode to Shakespeare," and "Ode to Victory," while too long to use here, are worthy of close analysis. His "Poems" appeared in Philadelphia in 1859, and he purposed to prepare another volume embodying his later songs, but this has never been published.

ASHES OF GLORY

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
  By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
  Above its place of rest.

No trumpet note need harshly blare,—
  No drum funereal roll,—
No trailing sables drape the bier
  That frees a dauntless soul.

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
  With fate's empyreal palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now,—
  As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
  And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
  Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! Not the breeze
  That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
  Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's knights amid the gloom
  Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume.
  Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables feign,
  And orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet the silver cross of Spain,
  And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
  Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
  Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night,—
And be thy blazoned scroll;
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul.

WHO WAS IT?

I met—when was it? Oh! between
The sunset and the morn
Of one indelible day as green
As Memory's eldest born.
I met her where the grasses grow—
Away from tower and town—
Whose gypsy bonnet clipt the glow
Of chestnut isles of brown!

I asked the rose to breathe her name;
She pouted and she said,
She could not speak of her who came
To pale her richest red.
I asked the lily, ripple-rimmed,—
A flake-like curve of snow—
She sighed her glory had been dimmed
By one she did not know.

I stooped beside a tufted bed
Of leaflets moist with dew,
Where one sweet posy hung its head
Of deep, divinest blue;
And asked the violet if her power
Could reach that spell of flame:—
She smiled, "I am her favorite flower,
And—Lizzie!—is her name."

ONLY A DREAM

By the lake beyond the meadow,
  Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dipt and lifted
  Her reflected bow—
Lived and died a dream of beauty
  Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
  Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
  An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of rapture,
  Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail and Passion fleeting—
  It is often so
Visions born of golden sunsets
  With the sunsets go:
To have loved is to have suffered
  Martyrdom below.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
  Where the lilies blow—
Oh, the glory there that perished,
  None shall ever know—
When a human heart was broken,
  Many years ago!

ASHES OF GLORY. Type of poem? Its measure? 7. "Trailing sables": meaning? 18. "Victor tar": explain. 20. "Trafalgar": historical allu-

sion? 21-29. Discuss the proper names. 26. "Disgorge": criticise the use of the word here.

WHO WAS IT? Contrast this with the following, and show their difference in mood and structure. Do they both fall in the same class of lyric?

ONLY A DREAM. Is there a suggestion of Poe in this? 15, 16. These lines are worthy of being remembered.

Margaret Junkin Preston

1825-1897

The father of Mrs. Preston, Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Philadelphia, was chosen president of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va. There the daughter became the wife of Prof. John T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, and a sister of hers, Miss Eleanor Junkin, was married to the great Confederate general, T. J. Jackson.

Prior to her marriage Mrs. Preston contributed to *Sartain's Magazine,* and throughout a long life her poems appeared from time to time in some of our best periodicals. She wrote one novel, "Silverwood," and several volumes of verse, the most noted of which, "Beechenbrook, a Rhyme of the War," contains the familiar "Stonewall Jackson's Grave" and "Slain in Battle." Her final collection of verses is entitled "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and other Verse." Her poems are thoughtful, strong, and full of religious fervor.

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND

J. R. T.

I read the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile—dead."

And yet, had it been asked of him
  Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
    The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
    And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
    On blissful summer afternoons,
    He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
    By stern misfortunes tossed and driven
    His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country? Let betide
What might, what would, his boast, his pride,
Was in his stricken mother-land,
  That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
  To stay her children's need. We know
The mystic cable sank too deep
  For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
  The spark from flashing back again!

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
  The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far gone, happier times,
  He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like, he wandered long,
    And sang at many a stranger's board,
    Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears,
  Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years—
  What have we given him? Just a grave!

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE

A simple, sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it—
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it;
The token flag that, silently,
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.

No name? no record? Ask the world—
The world has heard his story—
If all its annals can unfold
A prouder tale of glory?
If ever merely human life
Hath taught diviner moral—
If ever round a worthier brow
Was twined a purer laurel?

Humanity's responsive heart
Concedes his wond'rous powers,
And pulses with a tenderness
Almost akin to ours;
Nay, not to ours—for us he poured
His life—a rich oblation;
And on adoring souls we bear
His blood of consecration.

A twelvemonth only since his sword
Went flashing through the battle;
A twelvemonth only since his ear
Heard war's last deadly rattle.

And yet have countless pilgrim feet
  The pilgrim's guerdon paid him;
And weeping women come to see
  The place where they have laid him.

Contending armies bring, in turn,
  Their meed of praise or honor;
And Pallas here has paused to bind
  The cypress wreath upon her.
It seems a holy sepulchre
  Whose sanctities can waken
Alike the love of friend or foe—
  Of Christian or of Pagan.

They come to own his high emprise
  Who fled in frantic masses
Before the glittering bayonet
  That triumphed at Manassas;
Who witnessed Kernstown's fearful odds,
  As on their ranks he thundered,
Defiant as the storied Greek
  Amid his brave three hundred.

They well recall the tiger spring,
  The wise retreat, the rally;
The tireless march, the fierce pursuit
  Through many a mountain valley.
Cross Keys unlocks new paths to fame,
  And Port Republic's story
Wrests from his ever-vanquished foes
  Strange tributes to his glory!

Cold Harbor rises to their view,
  The Cedar's gloom is o'er them,
Antietam's rough and rugged heights
  Stretch mockingly before them.

The lurid flames of Fredericksburg
  Right grimly they remember,
That lit the frozen night's retreat
  That wintry, wild December.

The largesse of their praise is flung
  With bounty rare and regal;
Is it because the vulture fears
  No longer the dead eagle?
Nay, rather far accept it thus;
  A homage true and tender,
As soldier unto soldier's worth—
  As brave to brave will render!

But who shall weigh the wordless grief
  That leaves in tears its traces,
As 'round their leader crowd again
  Those bronzed and veteran faces?
The "old brigade" he loved so well,—
  The mountain men who bound him
With bays of their own winning, ere
  A tardier fame had crowned him.

The legions who had seen his glance
  Across the carnage flashing,
And thrilled to catch his ringing "Charge!"
  Above the volley crashing;
Who oft had watched the lifted hand
  The inward trust betraying,
And felt their courage grow sublime
  While they beheld him praying.

Good knights, and true as ever drew
  Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
  For love of martyred Poland;

Or knelt with Cromwell's "Ironsides,"
  Or sung with brave Gustavus,
Or on the field of Austerlitz
  Breathed out their dying "aves."

Rare fame! rare name! if chanted praise,
  With all the world to listen;
If pride that swells a nation's soul;
  If foeman's tears that glisten;
If pilgrim's shrining love; if grief
  Which naught can soothe or sever,—
If these can consecrate, this spot
  Is sacred ground forever.

BEFORE DEATH

I

How much would I care for it, could I know,
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The ravelled garment of life's brief day
Folded, and quietly laid away;
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars:
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

II

If midst of my toil they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid, to bear me through
Some bitter duty I had to do:

And when it was done, had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word,
One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife,
So weighted for me, with death or life,
How would it have nerved my soul to strain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

III

What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle-blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! no! if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it, while I am alive to hear!

AT ST. OSWALD'S

Within the church I knelt, where many a year
Wordsworth had worshipped, while his musing eye
Wandered o'er mountain, fell, and scaur, and sky,
That rimmed the silver circle of Grasmere,
Whose crystal held an under-world as clear
As that which girt it round; and questioned why
The place was sacred for *his* lifted sigh,
More than the humble dalesman's kneeling near.

Strange spell of Genius!—that can melt the soul
To reverence tenderer than o'er it falls
Beneath the marvellous heavens which God hath made,

And sway it with such human-sweet control
That holier henceforth seem these simple walls,
Because within them once a poet prayed!

FLOOD-TIDE

To every artist, howsoe'er his thought
Unfolds itself before the eyes of men—
Whether through sculptor's chisel, poet's pen,
Or painter's wondrous brush,—there comes, full fraught
With instant revelation, lightning-wrought,
A moment of supremest heart-swell, when
The mind leaps to the tidal crest, and then
Sweeps on triumphant to the harbor sought.

Wait, eager spirit, till the topping waves
Shall roll their gathering strength in one, and lift
From out the swamping trough thy galleon free;
Mount with the whirl, command the rush that raves
A maelstrom round; then proudly shoreward drift,
Rich-freighted as an Indian argosy.

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD. This is a tribute to the memory of John R. Thompson. 3. Dante, the great Italian poet, was driven into exile by his political enemies and died at Ravenna. 31. "Provençal-like": like one of the wandering lyric poets of Provence, France. 36. "Ringing ballad": Thompson's fine poem, "The Death of Stuart."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE. 1, 2. This was true when written, but not now; an appropriate monument stands at his grave, and memorials have been erected to him in various places—notably the

bronze statue at Richmond, in 1875, paid for by English admirers. 33. In June, 1864, two hostile armies reverently visited Jackson's grave. 35. "Pallas": explain. 48. The Spartans at Thermopylæ. Explain other proper names.

BEFORE DEATH. Scan this. Characterize its diction. What is its tone? What references in the third division?

The two sonnets reveal no little deftness in this difficult form of composition. Both obey the rigid rules as to rhyme and treatment. This is the Petrarchan, or Italian, scheme. The octave must rhyme abbaaba; and the sestet, cdecde,—though there is great license in the latter division, even in the sonnets of Petrarch. These poems, too, change the phase of the thought at the close of the first division—another requisite in this type of lyric.

Rosa Vertner Jeffrey

1828-1894

Mrs. Jeffrey was the daughter of Mr. John Y. Griffith, a writer of some distinction. She was a native of Mississippi, was educated in Lexington, Ky., and was married at seventeen to Mr. Claude M. Johnson. After his death she became the wife of Mr. Alexander Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

She was a favorite contributor to the Louisville *Journal,* under the pen name, "Rosa." Some of her volumes of verse are: "Poems, by Rosa," "Daisy Dare and Baby Power," "The Crimson Hand, and Other Poems." Besides these she wrote several stories, of which her two novels, "Marsh" and "Woodburn," stand first.

ANGEL WATCHERS

Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round me sweep;
Floating downward on the starlight two bright infant forms I see,
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones above
Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's deathless love;

And, as now they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call His angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!" 'mid the glories of my dream:
Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease perchance to lisp my name,
But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the same.

And the bright band now around me from their home perchance will rove,
In their strength no more depending on my constant care and love
But my first-born still shall wander from the sky, in dreams to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or some whelming grief destroy
All the hopes that erst had blossomed in my summer-time of joy
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends perhaps betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass away,

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blest immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened dreams shall come,

And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though 'reft of earthly love,
Angel children call me " Mother ! " and my soul will look above.

A lyric of grief, the theme of which is a mother's love for her lost children. It is the expression of tender feeling and keen pathos.

Henry Timrod

1829-1867

This young South Carolinian must be rated as among the first poets of the South. What he has left us is marked by a tender sentiment, a fine imagination, and a delicate sweetness.

He prepared himself for the law, but never pursued it. His first work was that of teacher—a work he followed ten years, writing poems the while, a number being published in the *Literary Messenger*.

He moved from his native city, Charleston, to Columbia, where he edited the *South Carolinian*. Soon afterward his first collection appeared in Boston, 1860. It met with a generous reception North and South. His brilliant war lyrics added to his reputation, and for a time life opened a beautiful vista for him, but ill health and the tempest of war ruined all his prospects. Reduced almost to actual starvation, he bitterly wrote in 1865, "I would consign every line I have written to eternal oblivion for one hundred dollars in hand."

His works were republished in New York in 1873, with a sympathetic introduction by his brother-poet and life-long friend, Paul Hayne. A revised edition appeared in 1879.

THE COTTON BOLL

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here

And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging-bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never a sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space

As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;

A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,

Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,

Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

HYMN

Sung at the consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.

Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath,—
O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?

Thou rather should'st be crowned with fadeless flowers,
Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;
Or be thy couch amid funereal bowers,
But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.

So, with these thoughts before us, we have fixed
And beautified, O Death! thy mansion here,
Where gloom and gladness—grave and garden—mixed,
Make it a place to love, and not to fear.

Heaven! shed thy most propitious dews around!
Ye holy stars! look down with tender eyes,
And gild and guard and consecrate the ground
Where we may rest, and whence we pray to rise.

ODE

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
  And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND

Hark to the shouting Wind!
  Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
  A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
  That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
  And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
  That I watch through the blinding brine!
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
  O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

SONNET

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
That pent my life within a city's bounds,
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and sounds.
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart
Taught me amid its turmoil; so my youth
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.
Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all,
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

SONNET

Life ever seems as from its present site
It aimed to lure us. Mountains of the past
It melts, with all their crags and caverns vast,
Into a purple cloud! Across the night
Which hides what is to be, it shoots a light
All rosy with the yet unrisen dawn.
Not the near daisies, but yon distant height
Attracts us, lying on this emerald lawn.
And always, be the landscape what it may—
Blue, misty hill, or sweep of glimmering plain—

It is the eye's endeavor still to gain
The fine, faint limit of the bounding day.
God, haply, in this mystic mode, would fain
Hint of a happier home, far, far away!

THE COTTON BOLL. "Uriel": one of the seven Archangels nearest the throne of God. The name means God's light. 95. Allusion to Simms' "The Edge of the Swamp." 98. Simms spent half his time on his plantation, "Woodlands," near Midway, S. C. 100, 101. "Flute, trumpet, west wind": symbolize what types of Simms' poetry? 143. "Bruit": report. 153. This is a rememberable line. 162. "Goth": the Federal invaders of the South. 166. "Quays": wharfs. 167. What port is the doom pronounced against?

"The Cotton Boll" is held to be the author's best work. It is imaginative, patriotic, melodious, but discursive. The poet's fancy led him far away from his theme.

HYMN. To my mind this grave, exalted poem is superior to the foregoing. There is not an aimless, irrelevant thought in it.

ODE. Whittier said of this song, sung at the decoration of graves in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, "In its simple grandeur it is the noblest poem ever written by a Southern poet." 3. A monument has since been erected. 15. "Cannon-moulded pile": explain.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND. What mood inspired this? Type of lyric? Read Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," and trace its influence here.

SONNETS. These are introduced to illustrate the poet's range. They are good, but not notably so. Hayne surpassed him far in this form.

James Barron Hope

1829-1887

Mr. Hope was born in Norfolk, Va., and was educated at William and Mary. He took up the law, and became Commonwealth Attorney; but he inclined toward letters, and received his first recognition by a series of poems contributed under the pen-name, "The late Henry Ellen, Esq.," to a Baltimore publication.

He served through the Civil War, first as quartermaster, then as captain; settling afterwards in his native town, where he became superintendent of schools, and afterwards editor of the *Landmark*.

He was invited by the United State Senate to read a poem on October 19, 1881, the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. A metrical address, "Arms and the Man," was the result, and this, with other poems, was published in Norfolk, 1882. He published two other volumes of poems and a novel. His daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hope-Marr, has collected his poems into one volume, published in Richmond.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES

I

The cock hath crow'd. I hear the doors unbarr'd;
  Down to the moss-grown porch my way I take,
And hear, beside the well within the yard,
  Full many an ancient, quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen—all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass—
  The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from th' enclosure pass,
  Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

A lustrous polish is on all the leaves—
  The birds flit in and out with varied notes–
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves—
  A partridge-whistle thro' the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun: thro' the dense leaves a spot
  Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,
  And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees:
The burnish'd river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadowed by the solemn pines.

II

Over the farm is brooding silence now—
  No reaper's song—no raven's clangor harsh—
No bleat of sheep—no distant low of cow—
  No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh—
No bragging cock from litter'd farm-yard crows,
The scene is steep'd in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields—
  The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
  It seems a Sabbath thro' the drowsy land:
So hush'd is all beneath the Summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless—the song-bird's mute—
  The very air seems somnolent and sick:
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
  Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull sound within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,
  Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows plough'd
  Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows reddish purple in the sultry blaze.

III

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
  While distant thunder rumbles in the air,
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide—
  The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider-spreading o'er the west
  Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirror'd turrets on the river's breast
  Tell in advance the coming of a storm—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,
  The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows—
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot—
  Strike in the grass, or rattle 'mid the boughs.
A sultry lull: and then a gust again,
And now I see the thick-advancing rain.

It fairly hisses as it comes along,
  And where it strikes bounds up again in spray
As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
  Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind which rises fast,
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
  The clouds lie pil'd up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipp'd with purplish red,
  Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE

Good is the Saxon speech! clear, short, and strong,
Its clean-cut words, fit both for prayer and song;
Good is this tongue for all the needs of life;
Good for sweet words with friend, or child, or wife.
Seax—short sword—and like a sword its sway
  Hews out a path 'mid all the forms of speech,
  For in itself it hath the power to teach
Itself, while many tongues slow fade away.

'Tis good for laws; for vows of youth and maid;
Good for the preacher; or shrewd folk in trade;
Good for sea-calls when loud the rush of spray;
Good for war-cries where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt,—
Good for all times, and good for what thou wilt!

THREE SUMMER STUDIES. This is a descriptive poem; it deals with objects instead of events. Point

out extracts especially vivid. What is the setting? Are the descriptions true? 3-5. Means of description here? 50. What means here? 63. Is the figure vivid? 65. The movement of the line serves forcibly in the sketching; how? Extend the study on this as indicated.

OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE. Wherein lies the chief merit of this poem? What form does it assume?

Paul Hamilton Hayne

1830-1886

"The Laureate of the South," as Hayne was styled, wore his wreath becomingly. He was a poet of fine culture and true imagination. He was an intense lover of Nature and entered sympathetically into her moods. In a less degree, she was to him, as to Wordsworth, an embodied being.

Hayne was a native of Charleston, S. C., the son of a naval officer and a nephew of Governor Hayne. Owing to the death of his father, he was left when an infant to the care of his mother, his distinguished uncle taking the place of a father to him. The child had every advantage of the time and place, and when a young man was graduated with honor at the College of South Carolina. He chose law as a profession, practiced for a while, but gave it up for literature. At twenty-three he became first editor of *Russell's Magazine,* and later of the *Charleston Literary Gazette.* During the bombardment of his native city his home was burned, together with all his ancestral belongings. Thus impoverished, he moved to Augusta, Ga., and soon afterwards out to a little farm, "Copse Hill," where, with his wife and son, he spent the remaining years of his life. Through declining health he labored untiringly on, singing his bravest and best song "in the unveiled face of Death."

He addressed himself earnestly to poetry throughout his life, and attained a high degree of perfection

in technique. His poems are almost wholly lyrics, the sonnet, however, receiving affectionate attention. His poems are musical always; and, varying with the mood, mournful, passionate, earnest, delicate, tender, hopeful, religious. While his best work is the lyric, some of his narrative poems are of extraordinary power. It is doubtful whether any other American poet has produced anything to surpass his "Daphles." His life gave an impulse to literature in the South—an impulse which is increasingly felt to-day.

He is the author of several books of poems, among which are "Poems; Sonnets and Other Poems," "Legends and Lyrics," "The Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems," etc. A complete illustrated edition of his verse-writings appeared in Boston, 1882. Besides these, he wrote a "Life of Robert Y. Hayne" and a "Life of Hugh S. Legare"; and also edited, with a memoir, the poems of Henry Timrod.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

At Night

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,

As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.

It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-thrilled to ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY

I

Listen! the sombre foliage of the Pine,
A swart Gitana of the woodland trees,
Is answering what we may but half divine,
To those soft whispers of the twilight breeze!

II

Passion and mystery murmur through the leaves,
  Passion and mystery, touched by deathless pain.
Whose monotone of long, low anguish grieves
  For something lost that shall not live again!

MY STUDY

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
  Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

CLOUD FANTASIES

Wild, rapid, dark, like dreams of threatening doom,
Low cloud-racks scud before the level wind;
Beneath them, the bare moorlands, blank and blind,
Stretch, mournful, through pale lengths of glimmering gloom;

Afar, grand mimic of the sea-waves' boom,
Hollow, yet sweet as if a Titan pined
O'er deathless woes, yon mighty wood, consigned
To autumn's blight, bemoans its perished bloom;
The dim air creeps with a vague shuddering thrill
Down from those monstrous mists the sea-gale brings
Half-formless, inland, poisoning earth and sky;
Most from yon black cloud, shaped like vampire wings
Or a lost angel's visage, deathly-still,
Uplifted toward some dread eternity.

FRESHNESS OF POETIC PERCEPTION

Day follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan sighs:
Weary? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and new
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rim of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night!

A COMPARISON

I think, ofttimes, that lives of men may be
Likened to wandering winds that come and go,
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.
Some lives are buoyant zephyrs sporting free
In tropic sunshine; some, long winds of woe
That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,
Through haunted twilights, by the unresting sea;
Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with might,
Born with deep passion or malign desire:
They rave 'mid thunder-peals and clouds of fire.
Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
Guides each blind force till life be overblown,
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night.

THE WILL AND THE WING

To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
  Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
  Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
  The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers
  Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus—the thirst
  For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires
Of the wild passion that our souls have nurst
  In hopeless promptings—unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
  Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
  Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
  Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen a far, mysterious rapture rise
  Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

FACE TO FACE

Sad mortal, couldst thou but know
  What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
  And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
  And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
  Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
  In a kingdom of stormless breath,—
I gaze on the glory of love
  In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
  As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
  Like the flush of a thousand springs:
His face is the fathomless beam
  Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the summers of Southland dream

In the lap of the holy night;
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath,—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells,
But they hold few mysteries now,
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world
With souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers unstirred by a wind
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on a lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.

Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above,
God speaketh with bateless breath:—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death.

THE MOCKING-BIRD. What is the metrical scheme in this? Show how the diction is in keeping with the theme. Is the figure of the fountain apt? The cadence of the poem is worthy that of the bird's song.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY. 3. "Gitana": a gypsy dancer. The poet loved the pine, and his interpretation of its mysterious voices here is artistic.

MY STUDY. Hayne excelled in the sonnet; these introduced here will prove the assertion. 6. "Arcadies": demesnes of happiness, referring to Arcadia, a mountainous district of Greece renowned for its picturesqueness and for the simplicity and contentment of its people. Read Wordsworth's "The World Is Too Much With Us." In it there is the same protest against the sordid zeal and mammon conflicts of to-day and the same yearning for the heroic life.

CLOUD FANTASIES. What mood pervades this? 6. "Titan": a mythological giant. The same word is used in the next sonnet.

A COMPARISON. This is full of suggestion and is worked out masterfully. To my mind the poet never surpassed it. Study the different lives represented.

THE WILL AND THE WING. Give the thought in

the poem? 9. "Tantalus": a character in Greek mythology who, as penalty for divulging the secrets of Zeus, was visited with an insatiable thirst. Ulysses, when relating to the Phæacians what he had beheld in the lower world, describes him as standing up to his chin in water, which eludes his lips as often as he attempts to quench his tormenting thirst. Above his head grow luscious fruit which, whenever he would take them, the wind dissipates to clouds. 15. "Beggar": what allusion? 20. Explain.

FACE TO FACE. This is a noble, triumphant song, —one of the last, if not the very last, of his poems. The stanzas close with almost identical lines; this is known as repetition. What is the measure? 5. "Pyrrhonist": one who doubts everything. Point out passages of exquisite grace; as, for instance, lines 11 and 18. In imaginative strength the poem suggests Shelley's "Cloud." The poem was printed in *Harper's Magazine,* through the courtesy of whose publishers it is here used.

John Esten Cooke

1830-1886

As has been said, John Esten Cooke was a younger brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke. He left school at sixteen, and worked in his father's law office four years. Afterwards he devoted his time to literature. He was a voluminous writer along four lines—fiction, biography, history, and poetry. He succeeded in all, but achieved distinction in the first. "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "The Life of Stonewall Jackson," "Virginia, a History of the People," and the subjoined selection from his poems represent him in these departments.

MEMORIES

The flush of sunset dies
  Far on ancestral trees;
  On the bright-booted bees,
  On cattle-dotted leas!
And a mist is in my eyes,
  For in a stranger land
  Halts the quick-running sand,
  Shaken by no dear hand!

How plain the flowering grass,
  The sunset-flooded door!
  I hear the river's roar
  Say clearly, "Nevermore."
I see cloud-shadows pass
  Over my mountain meres;
  Gone are the rose-bright years,
  Drowned in a flood of tears.

THE BAND IN THE PINES

After Pelham died

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Or the heart will break with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years.

MEMORIES. The second line is notable; but the poem, as a whole, is inferior to the other given.

THE BAND IN THE PINES. John Pelham, the gallant young Confederate cannoneer, fell at Fredericksburg. Read Randall's splendid tribute to his memory, included in this book, p. 209. The influence of Tennyson is plainly seen in this poem; indicate where. But it is a conjuring lyric of native music, and is vibrant with emotion.

Will Wallace Harney

1831-——

Mr. Harney is of Kentucky parentage and education, though a native of Indiana. After graduation in law at the Louisville University, he first turned to teaching, ultimately occupying the chair of belles-lettres at Transylvania University, Lexington. Then he entered journalism,—first as associate editor of the Louisville *Democrat*, later as editor-in-chief. Leaving this position, he removed to Florida and took up orange culture, at the same time directing a paper at Kissimee and acting as correspondent for Cincinnati, Boston, and New Orleans dailies. He is now a resident of Miami, Fla.

His poems, contributed to various periodicals, have never been collected, but a volume made up of such as the two below would deserve an honorable place in American literature.

ADONAIS

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,
In the happy harvest-fields, as the sun sinks low,
When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of fallen leaves,
And the reapers sing together, in the mellow, misty eves:
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!

Love met me in the orchard, ere the corn had gathered plume,—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as summer days that die when the months are in the bloom,
And the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels of the broom,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die, leafing sweeter each to each,—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
All the heart was full of feeling: love had ripened into speech,
Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the peach,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn,—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths, sworn to faithless maids forsworn,
When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow drinking-horn,
Over happy harvest-fields when the sun sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn eves,—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colors of the leaves,

And the reapers kiss and part, at the binding of the sheaves,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Then the reapers gather home, from the gray and misty meres;—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon their spears,
One whose face is like the moon, fallen gray among the spheres,
With the daylight's curse upon it, as the sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing, soft and low the reapers sung;—
O, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as summer in the blood, when the heart is ripe and young,
Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies among,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

THE STAB

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the ragged trees, he strode;
He whistled and shifted his heavy load,—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn-cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood;
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood
That a dead man lay on the road.

ADONAIS. A poetical name given by Shelley to Keats, on whose untimely death he wrote a monody bearing this name as title. Shelley coined the name, probably from Adonis, a character in mythology.

The chief merit of "Adonais," like many of Swinburne's poems, lies in its melody. Is there a thread of thought traceable through it, as, for instance, in lines 1, 6, 13, 16, 21, 29, 34? 19. "Musty". As to the use of this word the aged poet writes, "If you will go into an orchard when the fruit is ripe or cider making, and inhale the must of the bruised and rotting apples, you will understand the sense of the line." 26. "Meres": meaning? 28, 29. Does the poet sacrifice sense to rhyme? The latter of these lines is surpassingly fine. Point out any confusion of imagery.

THE STAB. This is a masterful piece of word painting. What brilliant figure in the heart of the poem? Accessories to its vividness are, epithet,—"cold, white moon," "ragged trees"; verbs,—"gleamed and shone"; suggestion,—lines 3, 4; figure,—line 9.

Henry Lynden Flash

1835-——

The parents of Mr. Flash came from the West Indies and settled in New Orleans. The son was educated at the Western Military Institute of Kentucky. He volunteered in the Confederate army, served as aide under General Joseph Wheeler, and with his pen as well as with his sword was an ardent supporter of the South. After the war he edited the *Confederate* at Macon, Ga., and subsequently, for twenty years, engaged in business in New Orleans. He now lives in Los Angeles, California, where he is treasurer of two lighting and electric companies of that city. Although over seventy, he writes, February 10, 1904, "I take as much interest in current events as ever, and feel no older than I did twenty years ago."

Under the pen names, "Lynden Eclair" and "Harry Flash," he wrote at will lyrics of startling energy and native pathos. As illustrative of his readiness, this story is recorded: When Flash was editor of the *Confederate* the foreman came to him for a bit of copy to fill out his form. Flash asked him what kind he needed. On being told there was no poetry in the issue, and reminded that he had written on the death of Zollicoffer and Jackson recently, he determined to write on General Polk, who had just fallen in battle. In five minutes the poem was written; and in twenty, being printed.

A volume of his poems, now out of print, appeared in 1860 from the presses of Rudd and Carleton,

New York. He has ready for publication another collection, which, since the above was written, has been published (1906) by the Neale Publishing Company of New York.

TOGETHER

We loved each other long and true,
  And at last in April weather,
When the crocus-buds were breaking through,
And the dying moon hung faint in the blue
  We put to sea together.

For years we sailed a sunny main
  And then came stormy weather;
Our vessel groaned with the tug and strain,
And out in the shrieking wind and rain
  We faced the gale together.

At times we caught a glimpse of sky
  That promised clearing weather,
And light and swift our bark would fly,
Till the clouds resumed their murky dye
  And we sat in the gloom together.

But whether the sky was dark or bright,
  Or fair or foul the weather,
Our love was ever the beacon light
That cheered our souls in the darkest night,
  And held our hearts together.

And now we sail in our battered boat
  Unmindful of the weather,
The winds may rave and the clouds may gloat,
But little we care if we sink or float,
  So we sink or float together.

THAT'S ALL

Lilies and roses!
Lilies and roses!
Man in his youth—
The season of Truth,
When Heaven uncloses,
With his eyes on the skies
Dreamily lies
On his lilies and roses.

Nettles and thorns!
Nettles and thorns!
Man in his manhood
Sorrows and mourns.
Girt with regrets
He rages and storms—
Tosses and frets
On his nettles and thorns.

In the dark earth at last—
The Book of the Past
Time silently closes—
No longer he mourns—
No longer he frets—
Nothing he scorns—
Nothing regrets—
But calmly reposes
Under nettles and thorns,
Under lilies and roses.

THE CONFEDERATE CROSS OF HONOR

As even a tiny shell recalls
  The presence of the sea,
So gazing on this cross of bronze,
  The Past recurs to me.

I see the Stars and Bars unfurled,
  And like a meteor rise
To flash upon a startled world,
  A wonder in the skies.

I see the gathering of the hosts,
  As like a flood they come—
I hear the shrieking of the fife—
  The growling of the drum.

I see the tattered Flag afloat
  Above the flaming line—
Its ragged folds, to dying eyes,
  A token and a sign.

I see the charging hosts advance—
  I see the slow retreat—
I hear the shouts of victory—
  The curses of defeat.

I see the grass of many fields
  With crimson life-blood wet—
I see the dauntless eyes ablaze
  Above the bayonet.

I hear the crashing of the shells
  In Chickamauga's pines—
I hear the fierce, defiant yells,
  Ring down the waiting lines.

I hear the voices of the dead—
  Of comrades tried and true—
I see the pallid lips of those
  Who died for me and you.

With back to earth, wherever raged
  The battle's deadliest brunt,
I see the men I loved—thank God,
  With all their wounds in front.

The many varied scenes of war
  Upon my vision rise—
I hear the widow's piteous wail,
  I hear the orphan's cries.

I see the Stars and Bars refurled,
  Unstained, in Glory's hand,
And Peace once more her wings unfold
  Above a stricken land.

All this and more, this little Cross
  Recalls to heart and brain—
Beneath its mystic influence
  The dead Past lives again.

And friends who take a parting look
  When I am laid to rest,
Will see beside the cross of Christ,
  This cross upon my breast.

POLK

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
  A puff of smoke,—a roar,
Whose echo shall roll from Kennesaw hills,—
  To the farthermost Christian shore,—
Proclaims to the world that the warrior-priest
  Will battle for right no more.

And that for a cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown,—
A cause for which they gave their lives,
And for which he gave his own;
He kneels, a meek ambassador,
At the foot of the Father's throne.

And up in the courts of another world
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod,
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kindly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the Nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God, not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the Cross,
He rises with the Crown!

TOGETHER. What is the figure running through this: trace it.

THAT'S ALL. What spirit pervades these lines? What type of lyric is it? Its measure and scheme of rhymes? Interpret it throughout.

THE CROSS OF HONOR. Type of poem? 5. "Stars and Bars": the standard of the Confederacy. 11, 12. Forceful epithets. See, also, in lines 15, 23, 25, 34, etc.

POLK. See introductory sketch of the author for history of this poem. How many different kinds of feet in the poem? What is the movement? 5. "Warrior-priest": Leonidas Polk, born in Raleigh, N. C., a graduate of the University of that State and of the United States Military Academy at West Point, became a bishop in the Protestant Episcopal church. He took up arms in the Southern cause and as a lieutenant-general exhibited remarkable strategy in the field. 17. "Amaranthine": fadeless.

STONEWALL JACKSON. Another ringing war lyric, and one of the author's best poems. 13-16. Explain the allusions.

Theophilus Hunter Hill

1836-1901

Mr. Hill was a North Carolinian, born in Wake County, October 31, 1836. Though admitted to the bar, he never practiced his profession. His leanings were toward literature, and he gave his life to the pursuit of it. At one time he was editor of the *Spirit of the Age,* published in Raleigh. At another he held the place of State Librarian, a position that was especially congenial to one of his tendencies.

His earliest book, "Hesper, and Other Poems," published in Raleigh, 1861, was the first volume of verse under copyright of the Confederacy. "Poems," his second collection, appeared in New York, 1869; and his third, and last, "Passion Flower, and Other Poems," bears the imprint of P. W. Wiley, Raleigh, 1883. The closing days of his life were spent in a final revision of such of his work as he desired to have survive. This task he left unfinished.

Hill's lines are carefully wrought. He had the poet's true feeling for beauty. Tennyson and Poe were his masters, yet his songs are a faithful expression of his own pure life.

A GANGESE DREAM

Freighted with fruits, aflush with flowers,—
Oblations to offended powers,—
What fairy-like flotillas gleam,
At night, on Brahma's sacred stream;

The while, ashore, on bended knees
Benighted Hindoo devotees
Sue for their silvery, silken sails
The advent of auspicious gales!

Such gorgeous pageant I have seen
  Drift down the Ganges, while I stood,
Within the banian's bosky screen,
  And gazed on his transfigured flood:
Around each consecrated bark,
That sailed into the outer dark,
What lambent lights those lanterns gave!
  What opalescent mazes played,
Re-duplicated on the wave,
  While, to and fro, like censers swayed,
They made it luminous to glass
Their fleeting splendors ere they pass!

O'er each, as shimmering it swung,
A haze of crimson halo hung,
Begirt by folds of billowy mist,
Suffused with purpling amethyst:
From these, still fainter halos flung,
Lent each to some refracted zone
Hues of a lustre not its own,
Till, satellite of satellite,
Eluding my bewildered sight,
In gloomier eddies of the stream,
Retained no more a borrowed beam:
Thus, one by one, their sparkling sails,
Distended by Sabean gales,
I saw those votive vessels glide,
Resplendent, o'er the swelling tide,
While each, with its attendant shade,
Or dusk, or radiant ripples made;

These flashing into fiery bloom;
Those smouldering into garnet-gloom!
All this I saw, or else, at night,
Pursuing Fancy in her flight,
I paused beneath what seemed to be
The umbrage of a banian-tree,
And down the Ganges of a dream
Beheld that gay flotilla gleam.

It seems to me but yesterday,
Since off the beach of Promise lay
The brilliant barges Hope had wrought,
And young Desire had richly fraught,
(Alas! how soon such tissues fade!)
With fragile stuff, whence dreams are made!
Proud owner of that fleet, I stood,
Gazing on the transfigured flood,
And saw its constellated sails,
Expanded by propitious gales,
Till shallop after shallop flew,—
As fresher yet the breezes blew,—
In joyous quest of full fruition,
To swift and terrible perdition!

Some, in life's vernal equinox,
  O'er desperate seas to wreck were
    driven;
And others struck on sunken rocks,
  Or, in the night, by lightning riven,
  Burned to the water's edge; while they
  That, not unscathed, but still unshattered,
  Survived the storm, were widely scattered;
One only kept its destined way,

To sink—no friendly consort near—
In sight of port, at close of day,
When seas were calm, and skies were clear!

AN IDEAL SIESTA

"*While I nodded, nearly napping.*"—THE RAVEN.

The drowsy hum of the murmuring bees,
Hovering over the lavender trees,
Steals through half-shut lattices,—
As awake or asleep, I scarce know which,
I lazily loll near a window-niche,
Whose gossamer curtains are softly stirred
By the gauzy wings of a humming-bird.

From airy heights, the feathery down,
Blown from the nettle's nodding crown,
Weary with wandering everywhere,
Sails slowly to earth through the sultry air;
While indolent zephyrs, oppressed with perfume,
Stolen from many a balmy bloom,
Are falling asleep within the room.

Now floating afar, now hovering near,
Dull to the eye and dumb to the ear,
Grow the shapes that I see, the sounds that I hear;
Every murmur around dies into my dream,
Save only the song of a sylvan stream,
Whose burden, set to a somnolent tune,
Has lulled the whispering leaves of June,

All things are hazy, and dreamy, and dim;
The flies in lazier circles swim;
On slumberous wings, on muffled feet,
Imaginary sounds retreat;
And the clouds—Elysian isles that lie
In the bright blue sea of Summer sky—
Fade out, before my closing eye.

IN VINCULIS

"It is no friendly environment,—this of thine."—CARLYLE.

By no grim gaoler am I held in thrall;
I bear about no galling ball and chain;
No sentries guard a castellated wall,
Lest I attempt my freedom to regain;
Yet here are fetters others may not see,
That chafe and fret and, like a canker, eat;—
While, out of call,—though visible to me,—
What ghostly warders glide on stealthy feet!
So long have I within this dungeon dwelt,
I were too weak, had I the will to fly;
For, chilled by frost no sun may ever melt,
My palsied pinions dream not of the sky:
They once were nerved by hope and high intent,
But how could these survive this drear environment?

A GANGES DREAM. The diction in this is worthy of study. 4. "Brahma's sacred stream": the Ganges. 6. "Hindoo devotees": Hindoo worshippers. 11. "Banian's bosky screen"; the banian is a tree of India whose branches project limbs to the ground. These take root and form new trunks and in time cover hundreds of feet in area. 33. "Sabean": Saba, in Arabia, celebrated for the production

of aromatic plants. 67-70. What is the poet's probable meaning?

AN IDEAL SIESTA. This picture is well-nigh perfect. One of the lines characterizes it—

"All things are hazy and dreamy and dim."

By what means chiefly is this effect reached?

IN VINCULIS. This sonnet appears here for the first time. The title is Latin and means "in chains." The author rarely used this poetical form, but once he has made it the vehicle for the vigorous expression of intense feeling.

Sarah M. B. Piatt

1836-——

Mrs. Piatt's maiden name was Sarah Morgan Bryan. She is a native of Kentucky,—a granddaughter of Morgan Bryan, one of the early settlers of the Middle West who went out with Daniel Boone from North Carolina. Miss Bryan was educated at New Castle, Ky., and in 1861 was married to John J. Piatt, the poet and diplomat. The couple have been called the wedded poets.

Mrs. Piatt has published numerous works, and she still contributes to the press. Some of her books are "A Woman's Poems," "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," "That New World, and Other Poems," "Poems in Company with Children," "An Irish Garland," "Child-World Ballads," "An Enchanted Castle," etc. Her work has been well received both in America and in England.

ENVOY

Sweet World, if you will hear me now:
  I may not own a sounding Lyre
And wear my name upon my brow
  Like some great jewel quick with fire.

But let me, singing, sit apart,
  In tender quiet with a few,
And keep my fame upon my heart,
  A little blush-rose wet with dew.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

"Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!"

MY BABES IN THE WOOD

I know a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story painted in your books.
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty, restless looks.

"Is it a fairy story?" Well, half fairy,—
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother
(Two very dainty people, rosy white,
Each sweeter than all things except the other!)
Older yet younger, gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light hand
Crept towards bright bloom or berries, I shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor sightly golden heads! I think I missed them
  First, in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,
  My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
  In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
  For their small sakes, since my most lovely loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
  By robins, out of apple-flowers they knew,
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,
  Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are! At this you wonder.
  Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
  Lost leaves—why it is your dead selves I mean!

ENVOY. What is the exact thought? 2. "Lyre": what figure? 4. A fine figure here; what? 7. Meaning?

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS. The author here and in the next selection proves she has not forgotten the path back into childhood.

MY BABIES IN THE WOOD. What allusion in the title? What kind of poem is this? Scheme and kind of rhymes? Scan one stanza. Is the story brightened at the close? What impression does it leave as a whole? It is informed with love and tenderness. It is one of the poems that should be read more than once.

Mary Ashley Townsend

1836-1901

Mrs. Townsend's maiden name was Van Voorhis. Though born in Lyons, N. Y., she was married to Mr. Gideon Townsend, of New Orleans, and had made that city her home.

Her first contributions, a series of humorous papers entitled "Quillotypes," in the New Orleans *Delta*, appeared under the pen name, "Xariffa." Other works of hers are "Poems," published in Philadelphia, 1870; and "Down the Bayou, and Other Poems," Boston, 1884. She was officially appointed to deliver the poem at the opening of the New Orleans Exposition, 1884; and that one at the unveiling of the statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, 1887.

CREED

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids while I lie
  Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death
  Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
  Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of thee it ever loved in life so much,
  And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
  Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of thy dear grief
Some fair sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
  To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
  And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
  Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
  I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
  As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who hath not loved
Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved,
  Like the one who with the grape within his grasp
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
  Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew
  That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk,—
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love, of Paradise,
  When life falls from us like a withered husk.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER

Far up the lonely mountain-side
  My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
  The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
  Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
  I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
  Upon the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
  Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
  From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—
  "A Georgia Volunteer!"

I saw the toad and scaly snake
  From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
  Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
  Unheeding, there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
  His shroud Confederate Gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
  Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
  Towards the realms of snow.

The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind,—
  Its leader's name,—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
  Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say?
  Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
  Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
  Her hair which he held dear?—
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
  The Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes
  And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
  Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up
  But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
  By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
  Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
  There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well and bravely, too,
  And held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been
  A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
  If he were wrong or right?
He knows ere this whose cause was just
  In God the Father's sight.

He wields no warlike weapons now,
  Returns no foeman's thrust,—
Who but a coward would revile
  An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
  Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
  Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
  In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
  A Georgia Volunteer.

CREED. There is some sincerity in these lines; yet do they lack it anywhere? Examine them with these points in mind. What is the metrical scheme?

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER. Classify this poem. 6. "Nave": meaning? 9. Figure? 29. "Valley Campaign": Jackson's memorable campaign in the Valley of Virginia. 65-72. Two echoes of Byron here; point them out. The poem is a noble tribute to the brave unknown dead.

Abram J. Ryan

1839-1886

This writer is known both as "Father Ryan" and as "the Poet-Priest." He was born of Irish parentage, in Norfolk, Va., but the family removed to St. Louis, where the boy received the training preparatory to entrance at the Catholic Seminary, of Niagara, N. Y.

Through a deep spiritual conviction he was ordained into the priesthood, and at the opening of the Civil War was chosen a chaplain, though his fiery enthusiasm for the cause of the South often led him into the ranks. This intense devotion is vividly shown in his fierce lyrics, "The Sword of Lee" and "The Conquered Banner." For a long time he refused to accept the results of the struggle, and used much of his time in lecturing for the aid of the widows, orphans, and maimed soldiers of the South.

His last years were spent in the faithful pursuit of his ministerial duties,—in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia—editing at one time *The Banner of the South,* and venting in it his indignation upon the iniquitous Reconstructionists. He died in a Franciscan monastery, at Louisville.

There is a prevailing note of melancholy in many of Ryan's poems,—attributable, very likely, to the loss of an early love. One of his longer pieces, "Their Story Runneth Thus," leads one to this conclusion. Still, his songs are wholesome. They deal with the serious experiences of life—its disappoint-

ments, changes, defeats, end; but there is an abiding faith through all. From a technical point his work is defective. He recognized this himself, for he tells us in his preface: "They were written at random—off and on, here, there and everywhere, just as the mood came; with little study and less of art, and always in a hurry."

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
  Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
  Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;

Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever.
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
  Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
  High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
  Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
  It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
  Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
  Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
  To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
  Waved sword from stain as free;
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
  Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
  That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
  Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
  Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
  Proudly and peacefully.

DEATH

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
  Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world very weary,
  Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
  Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing,
Land of the dead and the dying,
  Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
  Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
  Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers;
  Out of the land of decay,
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,
  Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing
Thronged with the anguished and ailing;
  Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
  Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,
Out of a land very lornful,
  Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joy-land above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
  Into our home—"Sweet Home."

PRESENTIMENT

Cometh a voice from a far-land,
  Beautiful, sad, and low;
Shineth a light from the star-land
  Down on the night of my woe;
And a white hand, with a garland,
  Biddeth my spirit to go.

Away and afar from the night-land,
  Where sorrow o'ershadows my way,
To the splendors and skies of the light-land,
  Where reigneth eternity's day,—
To the cloudless and shadowless bright-land,
  Whose sun never passeth away.

And I knew the voice; not a sweeter
  On earth or in Heaven can be;
And never did shadow pass fleeter
  Than it, and its strange melody;
And I know I must hasten to meet her,
  "Yea, *Sister!* Thou callest to me!"

And I saw the light; 'twas not seeming,
It flashed from the crown that she wore,
And the brow, that with jewels was gleaming,
My lips had kissed often of yore!
And the eyes, that with rapture were beaming,
Had smiled on me sweetly before.

And I saw the hand with the garland,
Ethel's hand—holy and fair;
Who went long ago to the far-land
To weave me the wreath I shall wear;
And to-night I look up to the star-land
And pray that I soon may be there.

THE CONQUERED BANNER. In its exalted mood and complicated metrical structure this assumes the nature of an ode. 26, 27. The figurative and the literal; a defect. 29. "Banner—it": what figure? 35. What nature of the author here disclosed? 49-51. What spirit toward the Union is evinced?

THE SWORD OF LEE. A war lyric. Its stanzas are regular. 21-24. This climax reveals the author's exalted opinion of Lee; how?

DEATH. Ryan's spirit was in accord with this theme. What is the measure and stanza structure? Is the poem strengthening?

PRESENTIMENT. Classify as to type. 1. "A voice": that of his lost love. Allusions are made elsewhere to this early loss. 30. This yearning for death often finds expression in his verses.

James Ryder Randall

1839-1908

Randall was a Baltimorean. He received his scholastic training at Georgetown College, Washington, and when a young man went to Louisiana, where he held for some time a professorship in Poydras College, at Point Coupée. There he wrote the poem by which he is best known. Afterwards he was connected with the *Sunday Delta,* in New Orleans; and still later with the *Constitutionalist* at Augusta, Ga. He was an ardent supporter of the Southern cause, though his physical condition kept him from the field.

"For six years," he writes from Augusta, Ga., February 19, 1904, "I was private secretary of Hon. Wm. H. Fleming, congressman from this district. I have done a great deal of editorial writing on various subjects. At present I may describe myself as living by my wits—turning my hand to whatever honorably presents itself."

His poems have recently been collected, and some of them are of surpassing excellence. In addition to those included here, the following are eminently worth study, "The Sole Sentry," "The Battle-Cry of the South," and "There's Life in the Old Land Yet."

THE CAMEO BRACELET

Eva sits on the ottoman there,
  Sits by a Psyche carved in stone,
With just such a face and just such an air
  As Esther upon her throne.

She's sifting lint for the brave who bled,
  And I watch her fingers float and flow
Over the linen, as thread by thread
  It flakes to her lap like snow.

A bracelet clinks on her delicate wrist,
  Wrought as Cellini's were at Rome,
Out of the tears of the amethyst
  And the wan Vesuvian foam.

And full on the bauble-crest alway,
  A cameo image, keen and fine,
Gleams thy impetuous knife, Corday,
  And the lava-locks are thine.

I thought of the war-wolves on our trail,
  Their gaunt fangs sluiced with gouts of blood,
Till the Past, in a dead, mesmeric veil,
  Drooped with its wizard flood;

Till the surly blaze through the iron bars
  Shot to the hearth with a pang and cry,
While a lank howl plunged from the Champ de Mars
  To the Column of July;

Till Corday sprang from the gem, I swear,
  And the dove-eyed damsel I knew had flown;
For Eva was not on the ottoman there
  By Psyche carved in stone.

She grew like a Pythoness, flushed with fate,
  'Mid the incantation in her gaze,
A lip of scorn, an arm of hate,
  A dirge of the Marseillaise!

Eva, the vision was not wild
When wreaked on the tyrants of the land;
For you were transfigured to Nemesis, child,
With the dagger in your hand!

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"*Sic Semper*,"—'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
Striding with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But, lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come!
she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

JOHN PELHAM

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds;
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle brunt,
  The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
  Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
  The fiery pang of shells,
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
  In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
  Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
  Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face
  While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
  Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessèd soul on high,
  Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky
  Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
  Fevered with swift renown;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
  Twining the victor's crown.

AT ARLINGTON

The stately column, reared in air,
  To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair,

In long, long ranks of death await
The last, loud trump and Judgment Sun,
Which comes for all, and, soon or late,
Will come for those at Arlington.

In that vast sepulchre repose
The thousands reaped from every fray;
The Men in Blue who once uprose
In battle front to smite their foes—
The Spartan bands who wore the Gray.
The combat o'er, the death-hug done,
In Summer blaze or Winter snows,
They keep the truce at Arlington.

And almost lost in myriad graves
Of those who gained th' unequal fight,
Are mounds that hide Confederate braves
Who reck not how the North wind raves,
In dazzling day or dimmest night.
O'er those who lost and those who won,
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington!

The dead had rest; the dove of peace
Brooded o'er both with equal wings.
To both had come that great surcease,
The last omnipotent release
From all the world's delirious stings.
To bugle deaf and signal gun,
They slept, like heroes of old Greece,
Beneath the glebe at Arlington.

And in the Spring's benignant reign,
The sweet May woke her harp of pines;
Teaching her choir a thrilling strain
Of jubilee to land and main,

She danced in emerald down the lines.
Denying largess bright to none,
She saw no difference in the signs
That told who slept at Arlington.

She gave her grasses and her showers
To all alike who dreamed in dust;
Her song-birds wove their dainty bowers
Amid the jasmine buds and flowers
And piped with an impartial trust.
Waifs of the air and liberal sun!
Their guileless glees were kind and just
To friend and foe at Arlington.

And 'mid the generous Spring there came
Some women of the land, who strove
To make this funeral field of fame
Glad as the May god's altar flame,
With rosy wreaths of mutual love
Unmindful who had lost or won,
They scorned the jargon of a name—
No North, no South, at Arlington.

Between their pious thought and God
Stood files of men with brutal steel;
The garlands placed on "Rebel sod"
Were trampled in the common clod
To die beneath the hireling's heel.
Facing this triumph of the Hun,
Our Smoky Cæsar gave no nod
To keep the peace at Arlington.

Jehovah judged, abashing man;
For, in the vigils of the night,
His mighty storm-avengers ran
Together in one choral clan

Rebuking wrong, rewarding right.
Plucking the wreaths from those who won,
The tempest heaped them dewy-bright
On Rebel graves at Arlington

And, when the morn came, young and fair,
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,
Knee-deep in sky-sent roses there,
Nature began her earliest prayer
Above triumphant Southern Dead.
So, in the dark and in the sun,
Our Cause survives the tyrant's tread
And sleeps to wake at Arlington!

THE CAMEO BRACELET. 2. "Psyche": explain. 4. "Esther": what character and what attribute of hers are suggested in the preceding line? 10. "Cellini": an Italian artist in metal. 15. "De Corday d'Armons," a French heroine; the assassinator of Marat. 23. "Champ de Mars": one of the parks in Paris. 24. "Column of July": erected in Place de la Bastile, Paris, to commemorate the French Revolution of 1830. 30. "Pythoness": a female supposed to have a spirit of divination. 36. "Nemesis": the goddess of vengeance. What kind of a lyric, and what is the central thought?

MARYLAND. It would be difficult to find in any language a war lyric that burns with a fiercer passion than this. It has been called the Marseillaise of the Confederacy. It was written one night in 1861 at Point Coupée, as has been stated, and was published in Baltimore to the air of an old German Burschenlied. In that year it is no wonder such ringing lines, set to such stirring music, fired the souls of seven millions of people. 21. Charles Carroll, of Carroll-

ton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. 22. John Eager Howard, a Revolutionary leader, who displayed great gallantry,—notably at the battle of Cowpens, where at one time in the day he held the swords of seven British officers who had surrendered to him. Explain other references to persons. Is there any irregularity in the stanza form?

JOHN PELHAM. Compare with John Esten Cooke's poem on the same subject, p. 172. 8. "Marcellus": a Roman consul; the conqueror of Syracuse. The forceful diction and the striking figures are worthy of special notice.

AT ARLINGTON. On the day that the graves of the Federal soldiers buried at Arlington were decorated, in 1869, a number of ladies entered the cemetery for the purpose of placing flowers on the graves of thirty Confederates. Their progress was stopped by bayonets, and they were not allowed to perform their mission of love. During the night a high wind arose, and in the morning all the floral offerings that had been placed the day before upon the Federal graves were found piled upon the mounds under which reposed the thirty Confederates. What men had denied nature had granted; nay, had taken into her own hands to perform.

John Lancaster Spalding

1840-——

Bishop Spalding was born in Lebanon, Ky. After his preparatory studies were finished at St. Mary's, Ky., he went to Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, and thence to the American College, Louvain, Belgium, where he was ordained priest in 1863. A year then spent in special studies in Rome found him well equipped to begin his lifework. In 1865 he entered upon his priestly career at the Cathedral of Louisville. Even at this time he was a scholar of marked attainments, and was chosen theologian to Archbishop Blanchet, of Oregon, at the second Plenary Council, Baltimore, in 1866.

On May 1, 1877, he was consecrated first bishop of the diocese of Peoria. His inheritance of talent and piety had been so largely increased by his personal worth that he at once took high rank in a distinguished hierarchy.

Two books of virile verse, "America, and Other Poems" and "The Poet's Praise," gave assurance of his gifts. This assurance has been made doubly sure by his "God and the Soul," published in 1902.

He is active in educational and literary movements, and is a vigorous writer on various subjects. His poems are notable for their imaginative range and religious fervor.

SILENCE

Inaudible move day and night,
  And noiseless grows the flower;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
  And voiceless fleets the hour.

The moon utters no word when she
  Walks through the heavens bare;
The stars forever silent flee,
  And songless gleam through air.

The deepest love is voiceless too;
  Heart sorrow makes no moan:
How still the zephyrs when they woo!
  How calm the rose full blown!

The bird winging the evening sky
  Flies onward without song;
The crowding years as they pass by
  Flow on in mutest throng.

The fishes glide through liquid deep
  And never speak a word;
The angels round about us sweep,
  And not a whisper's heard.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
  The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind,
  And, speechless, deep joys come.

Rapt adoration has no tongue
  No words has holiest prayer;
The loftiest mountain-peaks among
  Is stillness everywhere.

With sweetest music silence blends,
  And silent praise is best;
In silence life begins and ends:
  God cannot be expressed.

THE STARRY HOST

The countless stars, which to our human eye
  Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
  Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
  Returning never whence began their race.
  They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win Infinity.

Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight
  Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What Power with unimaginable might
  First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What Beauty lures them on through primal night,
  So that for them to be is to advance?

THE VAST UNKNOWN

The vast abyss of space is without light,
  Forever dark, and like deep hidden mine,
  Where, here and there, rich glowing rubies shine;
While all else lies clothed in eternal night.
The watcher on the loftiest mountain height
  In the full noon sees all the stars in line,
  Burning like lamps before a holy shrine,
As through the dark it breaks on pilgrim's sight.

So in the boundless world of truth we see
  But little isles that brighten to our eyes,
While all else lies lost in obscurity;
  And we move on amid the dim-lit skies,
From point to point through the dark mystery,
  Still calling God with our sad, piteous cries.

AT THE NINTH HOUR

Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?
  O sadder than the ocean's wailing moan,
  Sadder than homes whence life and joy have flown,
Than graves where those we love in darkness lie;
More full of anguish than all agony
  Of broken hearts, forsaken of their own
  And left in hopeless misery alone,
Is this, O sweet and loving Christ, Thy cry!
For this, this only is infinite pain:
  To feel that God Himself has turned away.
If He abide all loss may still be gain,
  And darkest night be beautiful as day.
But lacking Him the universe is vain,
  And man's immortal soul is turned to clay.

SILENCE. 24. A halting line. 32. The thought of the entire poem is gathered up in this one line.

THE STARRY HOST. The poet is strongest in his sonnets. This and the others given are of rememberable excellence. They are found in his last book, "God and the Soul," a volume containing this form almost exclusively. What theory of the stellar universe is referred to in this?

AT THE NINTH HOUR. What greater theme was ever taken than these tragic, last words of our Saviour? One cannot resist the feeling that if the poet had worked his thought up to them as his last line the effect would have been more powerful; but it is a great sonnet as it stands.

William Gordon McCabe

1841-——

Mr. McCabe is a Virginian, a graduate of the university of that State, and until recently the director of a high school, first established in Petersburg, but afterwards removed to Richmond. In the Civil War he was a captain of artillery, and did valiant service throughout that conflict. At Appomattox Court-house, just before the surrender, and after it was known that the Army of Northern Virginia would be surrendered, McCabe, Richard Walke, James Dinwiddie, John Hampden Chamberlayne, and other distinguished young artillery officers, concluding that they were not willing to give up the fight, left the army before the surrender and gradually made their way through the country towards General Johnston's division, near Greensboro, N. C., where they intended to report for duty—and did; but General Johnston surrendered before they had an opportunity to see any further service. McCabe was paroled in Richmond in May, 1865.

Besides occasional poems, he has written essays, reviews, sketches, and translations from the ecclesiastical poetry of the Middle Ages. He is an authority on Latin. Dr. Gildersleeve speaks of him as "a Latinist of exact and penetrating scholarship." He enjoyed the friendship of Tennyson, and wrote for the *Century Magazine*, March, 1902, his personal recollections of the great poet.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
  The snow is falling overhead;
  I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
  The soldiers cluster round the blaze
  To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of love and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
  Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
  I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
  Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
  The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
  I see again the glad surprise
  That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss.

As, rushing from the old hall door,
  She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
  Her face all radiant, with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone!
  Asleep within the quiet graves
  Where lies the snow in drifting waves,—
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
  But knows that loved ones far away
  On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight!"

But there are none to wish me back,
  For me no yearning prayers arise,
  The lips are mute and closed the eyes,—
My home is in the bivouac.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
  When the fading firelight starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
  With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
  From their antique frames in a grim repose,—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
  And stout Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
  There are smiling beauties in powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
  Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light,
  Softly clear, steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
  With the guileless pride of a haughty race.

Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
  On the old romance—which she holds on her knee—
Of *Tristram*, the bravest of knights in the fray,
  And *Iseult*, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look,
  As she watches the dying embers fall,—
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
  Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain,
  For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—Ah! me, how foolish and vain!
  But I'd give my life to believe it so.

Well, whether I ever march home again
  To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,
  I'll be true to the end all the same.

ONLY A MEMORY

——*old times, they cling, they cling.*—OWEN MEREDITH.

I

Still I can see her before me,
  As in the days of old,
Her lips of serious sweetness,
  Hair of the richest gold.

II

The rings on her dainty fingers,
  Love in her tender eyes,
And the sweet young bosom heaving
  With low, delicious sighs.

III

Is it a wonder I love her?
  That through long years of pain,
I still am true to the old love,
  The love alas! in vain.

HOWITZER CAMP,
YORKTOWN, OCT. 1861.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT. This is the stanza-type used by Tennyson in his great poem, "In Memoriam." What mood pervades these verses? 44. "Bivouac": meaning?

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES. What is the measure of this? Scan the first stanza. What type of lyric? 7, 8. Explain proper names. 19, 20. Sir Tristram, the hero of an old Cymric romance in which Iseult, the daughter of the king of Ireland, is involved, was connected with King Arthur's court. His adventures have been related by Thomas the Rhymer and many another romancist. Read Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult."

ONLY A MEMORY. There is a peculiar charm about this and the foregoing poem. Wherein does it lie?

Sidney Lanier

1842-1881

Mr. Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842, and died in Lynn, N. C., September 7, 1881. A love for music and poetry was his by inheritance, and was a solace to him through a life of toil, sickness, poverty, and disappointment. For while he lived to see his work appreciated, it was at a time when he had risen from many a defeat and was waging a losing fight with death.

He was a graduate of Oglethorpe College, Midway, Ga., class of 1860; and soon afterwards volunteered in the Confederate Army. He became a scout, and later a blockade runner, exhibiting courage on many an occasion. While in this last-named service he was captured near Fort Fisher and taken to Point Lookout.

After the war he taught school for a while at Prattville, Ala. Then he studied and practiced law with his father in his native town. Giving up this work, he went to Baltimore, where he was engaged as first flute for the Peabody Symphony concerts. Here he made his home and addressed himself to music and literature. But meantime tuberculosis, contracted in camp, had developed, and he was driven from work to tent life in the high, pure atmosphere around Asheville, N. C., where the end was not long delayed.

He entertained original ideas of a close relationship between music and poetry; these he defined and illustrated in a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, later appearing in a volume entitled, "The Science of English Verse." These theories are

generally regarded as vague, but it may be the critics of them cannot see so far into the affinity of ethereal things as Lanier's fine spirit could see. Other volumes by him are, "Tiger Lilies: a Novel," "Florida: Its Scenery, Climate, and History," "Poems," "The English Novel, and the Principles of Its Development," "The Boy's Froissart," etc. "Poems," edited by his wife, with an introduction by William Hayes Ward, editor of the *Independent*, appeared soon after the poet's death.

Lanier stands in the forefront of Southern poets, and when he has been assigned his true place in literature he will be rated among the very first in America. No other poet on this side of the Atlantic has surpassed him either in boldness of imagery or in vigor of diction.

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
  And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
  Ah! longer we!

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
  As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'T is done,
  Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
  Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands;
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
  Never our lips, our hands.

THE CRYSTAL

At midnight, death's and truth's unlocking time,
When far within the spirit's hearing rolls
The great soft rumble of the course of things—
A bulk of silence in a mask of sound—
When darkness clears our vision that by day
Is sun-blind, and the soul's a ravening owl
For truth, and flitteth here and there about
Low-lying woody tracts of time and oft
Is minded for to sit upon a bough,
Dry-dead and sharp, of some long-stricken tree
And muse in that gaunt place,—'twas then my heart,
Deep in the meditative dark, cried out:

Ye companies of governor-spirits grave,
Bards, and old bringers-down of flaming news
From steep-walled heavens, holy malcontents,
Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries, all
That brood about the skies of poesy,
Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars;
Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none
With total lustre blazeth, no, not one
But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh
Upon his shining cheek, not one but winks
His ray, opaqued with intermittent mist
Of defect; yea, you masters all must ask
Some sweet forgiveness, which we leap to give,
We lovers of you, heavenly-glad to meet
Your largess so with love, and interplight
Your geniuses with our mortalities.

Thus unto thee, O sweetest Shakespere sole,
A hundred hurts a day I do forgive

('Tis little, but, enchantment! 'tis for thee):
Small curious quibble; . . . Henry's fustian roar
Which frights away that sleep he invocates;
Wronged Valentine's unnatural haste to yield;
Too-silly shifts of maids that mask as men
In faint disguises that could ne'er disguise—
Viola, Julia, Portia, Rosalind;
Fatigues most drear, and needless overtax
Of speech obscure that had as lief be plain.

. . . Father Homer, thee,
Thee also I forgive thy sandy wastes
Of prose and catalogue, thy drear harangues
That tease the patience of the centuries,
Thy sleazy scrap of story,—but a rogue's
Rape of a light-o'-love,—too soiled a patch
To broider with the gods.

Thee, Socrates,
Thou dear and very strong one, I forgive
Thy year-worn cloak, thine iron stringencies
That were but dandy upside-down, thy words
Of truth that, mildlier spoke, had manlier wrought.

So, Buddha, beautiful! I pardon thee
That all the All thou hadst for needy man
Was Nothing, and thy Best of being was
But not to be.

Worn Dante, I forgive
The implacable hates that in thy horrid hells
Or burn or freeze thy fellows, never loosed
By death, nor time, nor love.

And I forgive
Thee, Milton, those thy comic-dreadful wars
Where, armed with gross and inconclusive steel,
Immortals smite immortals mortalwise,
And fill all heaven with folly.

Also thee,
Brave Æschylus, thee I forgive, for that
Thine eye, by bare bright justice basilisked,
Turned not, nor ever learned to look where Love
Stands shining.

So, unto thee, Lucretius mine,
(For oh, what heart hath loved thee like to this
That's now complaining?) freely I forgive
Thy logic poor, thine error rich, thine earth
Whose graves eat souls and all.

Yea, all you hearts
Of beauty, and sweet righteous lovers large:
Aurelius fine, oft superfine; mild Saint
A Kempis, overmild; Epictetus,
Whiles low in thought, still with old slavery tinct;
Rapt Behmen, rapt too far; high Swedenborg,
O'ertoppling; Langley, that with but a touch
Of art hadst sung Piers Plowman to the top
Of English songs, whereof 'tis dearest, now,
And most adorable; Cædmon, in the morn
A-calling angels with the cowherd's call
That late brought up the cattle; Emerson,
Most wise, that yet, in finding wisdom, lost
Thy Self, sometimes; tense Keats, with angels' nerves
Where men's were better; Tennyson, largest voice
Since Milton, yet some register of wit
Wanting,—all, all, I pardon, ere 'tis asked,

Your more or less, your little mole that marks
Your brother and your kinship seals to man.
But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poets' Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?

SUNRISE

In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
Up breathed from the marshes, a message of range and of sweep,
Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling:
The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes*,
Shaken with happiness:
The gates of sleep stood wide.

I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might not abide:
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to hide
In your gospeling glooms—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea.

Tell me, sweet burly-barked, man-bodied Tree
That mine arms in the dark are embracing, dost know
From what fount are these tears at thy feet which flow?
They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent deeps.
Reason's not one that weeps.
What logic of greeting lies
Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the eyes?

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like as ye gloss
All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous darks that emboss
The vague blackness of night into pattern and plan,
So,
(But would I could know, but would I could know,)
With your question embroid'ring the dark of the question of man,—
So, with your silences purfling this silence of man
While his cry to the dead for some knowledge is under the ban,
Under the ban,—
So, ye have wrought me

Designs on the night of our knowledge,—yea, ye
have taught me,
So,
That haply we know somewhat more than we know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought
breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the
air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.
My gossip, the owl,—is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
Distilling silence,—lo,
That which our father-age had died to know—
The menstruum that dissolves all matter—thou
Hast found it: for this silence, filling now
The globéd clarity of receiving space,
This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
Death, love, sin, sanity,

Must in yon silence' clear solution lie.
Too clear! That crystal nothing who'll peruse?
The blackest night could bring us brighter news,
Yet precious qualities of silence haunt
Round these vast margins, ministrant.
Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
Just to be fellowed, when that thou hast found
No man with room, or grace enough of bound
To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou art,—
'Tis here, 'tis here, thou canst unhand thy heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.
The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence-a-spring,—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'erblown in a dream,—
Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
Overweighted with stars, overfreighted with light,
Oversated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?
In the leaves? in the air?
In my heart? is a motion made:
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so, they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river,—
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail,—
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis withdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a flush is uprolled:
To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a beehive, from out of the sea:
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea.
Yet now the dewdrop, now the morning gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day
Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summ'd morn shines complete as in the blue
Big dewdrop of all heaven: with these lit shrines
O'ersilvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild,
Minded of nought but peace, and of a child.

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion,—not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,—
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise,—'tis done!
Good-morrow, lord Sun!
With several voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul

Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all morrows doth roll,
Cry good and past-good and most heavenly morrow, lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple,—Workman Heat,—
Barter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness,—innermost Guest
At the marriage of elements,—fellow of publicans,—blest
King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
The idle skies, yet laborest fast evermore,—
Thou in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—Laborer Heat:
Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues
Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues,
Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl
Or a-flicker the subtiler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm for a heart,
Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
From part oft sundered, yet ever a globéd light,
Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
Than the eye of a man may avail of:—manifold One,
I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face of the Sun:

Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS

Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,
And all familiar Forms that firmly keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep

Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.
Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears
  At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign
  Thou hast a heart: and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
  In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
  I think thou 'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

CORN

To-day the woods are trembling through and through
With shimmering forms that flash before my view,
Then melt in green as dawn-stars melt in blue.
  The leaves that wave against my cheek caress
  Like women's hands; the embracing boughs express
  A subtlety of mighty tenderness;
The copse-depths into little noises start,
That sound anon like beatings of a heart,
Anon like talk 'twixt lips not far apart.
  The beech dreams balm, as a dreamer hums a song;
  Through that vague wafture, aspirations strong
  Throb from young hickories breathing deep and long
With stress and urgence bold of prisoned spring
And ecstasy of burgeoning.
  Now, since the dew-plashed road of morn is dry,
  Forth venture odors of more quality
  And heavenlier giving. Like Jove's locks awry,
Long muscadines
Rich-wreathe the spacious foreheads of great pines,
And breathe ambrosial passions from their vines.
  I pray with mosses, ferns and flowers shy
  That hide like gentle nuns from human eye
To lift adoring perfumes to the sky.
I hear faint bridal-sighs of brown and green
Dying to silent hints of kisses keen
As far lights fringe into a pleasant sheen.
  I start at fragmentary whispers, blown
  From under-talks of leafy souls unknown,
  Vague purports sweet, of inarticulate tone.

Dreaming of gods, men, nuns and brides, between
Old companies of oaks that inward lean
To join their radiant amplitudes of green
  I slowly move, with ranging looks that pass
  Up from the matted miracles of grass
Into yon veined and complex space
Where sky and leafage interlace
  So close, the heaven of blue is seen
  Inwoven with a heaven of green.

I wander to the zigzag-cornered fence
Where sassafras, intrenched in brambles dense,
Contests with stolid vehemence
  The march of culture, setting limb and thorn
  As pikes against the army of the corn.

There, while I pause, my fieldward-faring eyes
Take harvests, where the stately corn-ranks rise,
  Of inward dignities
And large benignities and insights wise,
  Graces and modest majesties.
Thus, without theft, I reap another's field;
Thus, without tilth, I house a wondrous yield,
And heap my heart with quintuple crops concealed.

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
  And waves his blades upon the very edge
  And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
  Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
  That leads the vanward of his timid time
  And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;

Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
Drawn in select proportion fair
From honest mould and vagabond air;
From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
From potsherds and dry bones
And ruin-stones.
Into thy vigorous substance thou hast wrought
Whate'er the hand of Circumstance hath brought;

Yea, into cool solacing green hast spun
White radiance hot from out the sun.
So thou dost mutually leaven
Strength of earth with grace of heaven;
So thou dost marry new and old
Into a one of higher mould;
So thou dost reconcile the hot and cold
The dark and bright,
And many a heart-perplexing opposite,
And so,
Akin by blood too high and low,
Fitly thou playest out thy poet's part,
Richly expanding thy much-bruisèd heart
In equal care to nourish lord in hall
Or beast in stall:
Thou took'st from all that thou mightst give to all.

O steadfast dweller on the selfsame spot
Where thou wast born, that still repinest not—
Type of the home-fond heart, the happy lot!—
Deeply thy mild content rebukes the land
Whose flimsy homes, built on the shifting sands
Of trade, for ever rise and fall
With alternation whimsical,
Enduring scarce a day,
Then swept away
By swift engulfments of incalculable tides
Whereon capricious Commerce rides.
Look, thou substantial spirit of content!
Across this little vale, thy continent,
To where, beyond the mouldering mill
Yon old deserted Georgian hill
Bears to the sun his piteous aged crest
And seamy breast,

By restless-hearted children left to lie
Untended there beneath the heedless sky,
As barbarous folk expose their old to die.
Upon that generous-rounding side,
With gullies scarified
Where keen Neglect his lash has plied,
Dwelt one I knew of old, who played at toil,
And gave to coquette Cotton soul and soil.
Scorning the slow reward of patient grain,
He sowed his heart with hopes of swifter gain,
Then sat him down and waited for the rain.
He sailed in borrowed ships of usury—
A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,
Seeking the Fleece and finding misery.
Lulled by smooth-rippling loans, in idle trance
He lay, content that unthrift Circumstance
Should plough for him the stony field of Chance.
Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man might tell,
He staked his life on games of Buy-and-Sell,
And turned each field into a gambler's hell.
Aye, as each year began,
My farmer to the neighboring city ran;
Passed with a mournful anxious face
Into the banker's inner place;
Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer grace;
Railed at the drouth, the worm, the rust, the grass;
Protested ne'er again 'twould come to pass;
With many an *oh* and *if* and *but alas*
Parried or swallowed searching questions rude,
And kissed the dust to soften Dives's mood.
At last, small loans by pledges great renewed,
He issues smiling from the fatal door,
And buys with lavish hand his yearly store
Till his small borrowings will yield no more.

Aye, as each year declined,
With bitter heart and ever brooding mind
He mourned his fate unkind.
  In dust, in rain, with might and main,
  He nursed his cotton, cursed his grain,
  Fretted for news that made him fret again,
Snatched at each telegram of Future Sale,
And thrilled with Bulls' or Bears' alternate wail—
In hope or fear alike for ever pale.
  And thus from year to year, through hope and fear,
  With many a curse and many a secret tear,
  Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear,
    At last
He woke to find his foolish dreaming past,
  And all his best-of-life the easy prey
  Of squandering scamps and quacks that lined his way
    With vile array,
From rascal statesman down to petty knave;
Himself, at best, for all his bragging brave,
A gamester's catspaw and a banker's slave.
  Then, worn and gray, and sick with deep unrest,
  He fled away into the oblivious West,
    Unmourned, unblest.

Old hill! old hill! thou gashed and hairy Lear
Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,
E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to cheer—
  King, that no subject man or beast may own,
  Discrowned, undaughtered and alone—
Yet shall the great God turn thy fate,
And bring thee back into thy monarch state
And majesty immaculate.
  Lo, through hot waverings of the August morn,
  Thou givest from thy vasty sides forlorn

Visions of golden treasuries of corn—
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart
That manfully shall take thy part,
And tend thee,
And defend thee
With antique sinew and with modern art.

EVENING SONG. This beautiful song appeared first in *Lippincott's Magazine*. The publishers of this periodical were among the very first to recognize the genius of Lanier. Is there any irregularity in stanza structure? It is an especially pleasing love-lyric, and has been set to music by Dudley Buck.

THE CRYSTAL. This noble poem appeared in the New York *Independent*, as did also "The Ballad of Trees" and "Sunrise." The *Independent* was another paper that gave the struggling poet earliest encouragement.

This selection shows the author's keen critical powers and is informed by the spirit of scholarship. He has pointed unerringly to the defects of the great characters named. 1. When death and truth unlock their secrets. 1-12. The poem never rises above the plane of this introduction. 29-39. Justify the criticisms of Shakspere. 42. "Of prose and catalogue": refers to the Iliad, Book II. —

> "My song to fame shall give
> The chieftains and enumerate their ships."

45. "Light-o'-love": Helen, carried away by Paris. The Trojan War resulted, which furnished the theme for the Iliad. 48. "Thy year-worn cloak." Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, said: "To want nothing is divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the divine life." This belief

controlled his mode of living. His meat and drink were of the poorest; summer and winter his coat was the same. 49. His iron stringencies were at the other extreme from the dandy's excessive indulgences. 51. "Buddha": the founder of the Buddhist religion, tenets of which are explained in the succeeding lines. 51. "Dante": the great Italian poet. Pursue the study on this line. The criticisms are very felicitous; as, for instance, that on Milton, or on Emerson, or on Tennyson. The close reveals the poet's attitude toward Christ.

SUNRISE. The editor of the *Independent*, the paper from which this is taken, says of it: "This poem, we do not hesitate to say, is one of the few great poems that have been written on this side of the ocean." It is said upon authority that the lines were written when the author was in his last illness, with a fever of 104 degrees. It is melodious and emotional,—almost, if not quite, rhapsodical. All kinds of feet are used, but the effect is anapestic; hence, it affords an excellent study in scansion.

17. "Gospeling glooms": shades that provoke holy feelings. 19. Observe here and elsewhere the poet's Wordsworthian view of Nature. 29. Just what influenced the author to give a line to this brief word here and again below, is difficult to understand. 58-85. This is great thought; search its full import. 86, 87. What liberty in rhyme? See, also, the "Symphony," by this writer:

> "We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
> We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
> And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
> To relieve," etc.

102. "Multitudinous": effect of this word? 114, 115. It is rather a tax upon the average reader to

share the poet's rapture here and in the "beehive" figure further on. The poet's Pegasus sometimes takes the bit in his teeth. 153-181. Another supreme passage, well worthy close study. 182-192. A cadence according with the vast harmonies of the poem.

A BALLAD OF TREES. Fine proportion, careful versification, and exact diction make this poem rememberable. What occasion in Christ's career is referred to? 4. Meaning of the line? 5, 6, 7. Kind of rhymes? Point out others. 7. Interpret the line. 12. Contrast with 4, and explain. 15. "Last. They had slain Him before"; how? Give the thought in a few words.

CORN. This poem is not of uniform excellence. Parts of it are very imaginative; 80-110, for instance; others, brilliantly figurative. 185-192, and yet others, — well, characterize 134-184. 50. "Tilth": meaning? 60. "Fain": a favorite word with the poet. 130. What people did this? 133. "Neglect": a fine figure. 41. "Fleece": what allusion? 146. Meaning? Explain other terms of the mart in 68, 69, etc. 96. "Largesse": define.

James Maurice Thompson

1844-1901

Mr. Thompson was a native of Indiana, but his parents were Southerners and returned to the South, first to Kentucky, then to Georgia, where the son was reared and educated. He served in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war established himself in law at Crawfordsville, Ind. He was elected to the legislature of that State, and was later appointed State Geologist.

He was a versatile writer, of poems, critiques, essays, novels, sketches of out-door life, etc. At one time he was connected editorially with the New York *Independent*.

Among his books are "Hoosier Mosaics," "A Tallahassee Girl," "Songs of Fair Weather," "By-Ways and Bird-Notes," "Sylvan Secrets in Bird-Songs and Brooks," "The Story of Louisiana," "Poems," "The Ocala Boy," "At Love's Extremes," "The Witchery of Archery," "A Fortnight of Folly," and "Alice of Old Vincennes,"—the last published about the time of his death.

SOLACE

Thou art the last rose of the year,
By gusty breezes rudely fanned:
The dying Summer holds thee fast
In the hot hollow of her hand.

Thy face pales, as if looking back
  Into the splendor of thy past
Had thrilled thee strangely, knowing that
  This one long look must be the last.

Thine essence, that was heavenly sweet,
  Has flown upon the tricksy air:
Fate's hand is on thee; drop thy leaves,
  And go among the things that were.

Be must and mould, be trampled dust,
  Be nothing that is fair to see:
One day, at least, of glorious life
  Was thine of all eternity.

Be this a comfort: crown and lyre
  And regal purple last not long;
Kings fall like leaves, but thy perfume
  Strays through the years like royal song.

IN EXILE

I

The singing streams, and deep, dark wood
Beloved of old by Robin Hood,

Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
To call me from this younger land.

What time by dull Floridian lakes,
What time by rivers fringed with brakes,

I blow the reed, and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go.

Well sent to deer or wary hare,
Or wildfowl whistling down the air;

What time I lie in shady spots
On beds of wild forget-me-nots,

That fringe the fen lands insincere
And boggy marges of the mere,

Whereon I see the heron stand,
Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—

I think how sweet if friends should come
And tell me England calls me home.

II

I keep good heart and bide my time,
And blow the bubbles of my rhyme;

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow and blow, and folks shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless bowmen's meed of praise;

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended bow,—

Your woods where bowered and hidden stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When merry England calls me home.

III

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs now hither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

Will find their way to those who love
The simple force and truth thereof;

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades;

Through purfled blades that fringe the mere
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry;

I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn

The tall wild turkeys swiftly pass
Light-footed through the dewy grass;

I shout, and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow,

Then on my rest I feel at noon
Sown pulvil of the blooms of June;

I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme:

These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

IV

The self-yew bow was England's boast;
She leaned upon her archer host,—

It was her very life-support
At Crécy and at Agincourt,

At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
And fields of glory redder still!

O bows that rang at Solway Moss!
O yeomanry of Neville's Cross!

These were your victories, for by you
Breastplate and shield were cloven through;

And mailèd knights at every joint,
Sore wounded by an arrow point,

Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
And, bristled with arrows, gasped and fell!

O barbèd points that scratched the name
Of England on the walls of fame!

O music of the ringing cords
Set to grand song of deeds, not words!

O yeoman! for your memory's sake,
These bubbles of my rhyme I make,—

Not rhymes of conquest stern and sad,
Or hoarse-voiced like the Iliad,

But soft and dreamful as the sigh
Of this sweet wind that washes by,—

The while I wait for friends to come
And tell me England calls me home.

V.

I wait and wait; it would be sweet
To feel the sea beneath my feet,

And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,—

To feel and know my heart should soon
Have its desire, its one sweet boon,

To look out on the foam-sprent waste
Through which my vessel's keel would haste,

Till on the far horizon dim
A low white line would shine and swim;

The low white line; the gleaming strand,
The pale cliffs of the Mother-land!

O God! the very thought is bliss,
The burden of my song it is,

Till over sea song-blown shall come
The news that England calls me home!

VI

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
Ere these brown locks are silver gray,

And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;

When the swift deer shall pass me by,
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,

And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted making foolish rhyme,

And wasted blowing in a reed
The runes of praise, the yeoman's meed,

And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,

Of grassy glade and queachy fen
Beloved of old by archer men,

And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

VII

Such words are sad: blow them away
And lose them in the leaves of May,

O wind! and leave them there to rot,
Like random arrows lost when shot;

And here, these better thoughts, take these
And blow them far across the seas,

To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!

Say this, low-speaking in my place:
"The last of all the archer race

"Sends this his sheaf of rhymes to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,

"And made the cloth-yard arrows ring
For merry England and her king;

"Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret!"

Say this, and then, oh, haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!

THE ASSAULT

Amaxilia cerviniventris

A wingèd rocket curving through
An amethyst trajectory,
Blew up the magazines of dew
Within the fortress of the bee.

Some say the tulip mortar sent
The missile forth; I do not know;
I scarcely saw which way it went,
Its whisk of flame surprised me so.

I heard the sudden hum and boom
And saw the arc of purple light
Across the garden's rosy gloom;
Then something glorious blurred my sight!

The bees forgot to sound alarm,
And did not pause their gates to lock;
A topaz terror took by storm
The tower of the hollyhock.

Above the rose a halo hung,
As if a bomb had been a gem,
And round the dahlias's head was swung
A blade that looked a diadem.

What more befell I cannot say;
  By ruby glint and emerald gleam
My sense was dazed; the garden lay
  Around me like an opal dream!

THE TULIP

Caveat Regina

Seeing, above dark spikes of green,
  Your great bold flowers of gold and red,
I think of some young heathen queen
  With blazing crown upon her head.

Some beautiful barbaric thing,
  Clothed in rich garments emerald zoned,
Whom simple folk, half worshipping
  And half in fear, have crowned and
    throned.

You will not deign to give the breeze
  The slightest nod as it goes by;
You will not move a leaf to please
  The drowsy gorgeous butterfly.

With measureless nonchalance and pride,
  You take the humming bird's caress;
The brown melodious bee must bide
  Your haughty, arrogant wilfulness!

You will not even stoop to hear
  The whisper of the adoring grass;
The violets droop their heads in fear,
  The beetles grumble as they pass.

Beware, O queen, some day ere long
All these may drop their fealty,
And for redress of causeless wrong
Uprise in passionate mutiny.

Ah, then what rapturous sound of wings,
Applauding when your throne goes down!
What cheering when the rude breeze springs,
And whisks away your withered crown!

SOLACE. A reflective lyric. Wherein exists the solace? 10. "Tricksy": define.

IN EXILE. Read through and explain whence the subject. The poem is written in couplets. What is its measure? Its character? The author was an expert archer. What evidences of a love for out-door sports are shown in this? "England calls me home," a refrain at the close of each section; what is the thought? Explain proper names in 2, 70, 71, 72, 73.

THE ASSAULT. The poem glows with imagination. Amazilia cerviniventris is a species of the hummingbird. 2. "Trajectory": the arc described by a body thrown upward obliquely into the air. Dwell upon the vivid imagery in 3, 4, 5, 10, 15, 16, 20, 24.

THE TULIP. What is the exact theme? Compare this with the foregoing. Did the same mood inspire them? Did the same feeling toward flowers, birds, etc., inspire them? Wherein do they differ?

John Henry Boner

1845-1903

Mr. Boner was born in the old Moravian town, Salem, N. C. He received his early training in the schools there and began a bread-winner's life when he was yet a boy—first as a printer, work he was connected with more or less closely until his death. He edited papers in his native town and in Asheville, N. C. He was chief clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives, 1869-70, and two years later went into the Civil Service, at Washington, D. C., where he remained for sixteen years. He then removed to New York, and was successively on the staffs of the Century Dictionary, the New York *World*, the *Literary Digest*, and "A Library of American Literature."

Declining health forced him to give up this work and seek restoration among his friends in his native State. A winter was spent in Raleigh, with temporary relief; but soon after his return to the Government Printing Office, Washington, he suddenly died of hemorrhage, March 6, 1903. The Authors Club of New York, of which he was a member, assisted in doing honor to his memory. He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery, Washington, but his remains were removed to Salem, N. C., and were reinterred with impressive ceremonies. Dr. Marcus Benjamin, of Washington, D. C., led the movement, and prepared a fitting memorial to the dead poet.

Boner published "Whispering Pines" in 1883,

and "Some New Poems" in 1901. Just before his death he prepared a collection of such of his works as he wished to have survive. This book, "Boner's Lyrics," has been issued by his wife, through the Neale Publishing Company, of New York.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE

When wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray, snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farm-house chimneys—in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log-house, a great hearth-stone,
A cheering pipe, of cob or briar,
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable, wide hearth-stone,
A cheering pipe, of cob or briar,
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

CRISMUS TIMES IS COME

I

Wen de sheppuds watch de sheep on de plain of Beflehem
(Crismus times is come,)
Dey was 'stonished at de star dat went a-swinging ober dem,
(Crismus times is come;)
Dey lean upon de sheppud crooks a-shadin' ob der eyes,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' dey know de sun of glory was a-gwine fur to rise,
(Crismus times is come,)
De wise men walk wid der heads ben' low
Twell dey hear a ban' o' music like dey nebber hear befo'
An' de angels come a-singin' wid de stars in der han's
An' der flamin' wings a-shinin' on de heathun lan's

II

De kings ob de erf woke up dat night,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' der crowns look shabby in de hallyluyer light.
(Crismus times is come,)
But de po' man riz en tuck his ole hat down,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' hit look so fine dat he fought it were a crown,
(Crismus times is come,)
Ole Jordan roll high en ole Jordan roll low,
An' de star stood still whar de folks had to go,

An' de angels flew away agin a-leavin' arter dem
A blaze road from Juda to de new Jerusalem.

III

Den pile on de light'ood en set aroun' de fire,
(Crismus times is come,)
Rosum up de ole bow en chune the banjer higher,
(Crismus times is come,)
Dere's no mo' coonin' ob de log in de night,
(Crismus times is come,)
O glory to de Lam' fur de hallyluyer light,
(Crismus times is come,)
De Crismus possum am a-bakin' mighty snug,
So han' aroun' de tumbler en de little yaller jug
Wid de co'ncob stopper, en de honey in de bowl,
An' a-glory hallyluyer en a-bless yo' soul.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
  The dying firelight blew
While he whose song was peerless
  Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
  His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
  In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
  Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
  Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
  And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
  And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
  The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
  He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
  And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
  Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
  Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
  No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
  With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
  Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
  The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
  Have cenotaphed his fame.

REMEMBRANCE

I think that we retain of our dead friends
  And absent ones no general portraiture;
  That perfect memory does not long endure,
  But fades and fades until our own life ends.
Unconsciously, forgetfulness attends
  That grief for which there is no other cure,
  But leaves of each lost one some record sure—
A look, an act, a tone—something that lends
Relief and consolation, not regret.
  Even that poor mother mourning her dead child
Whose agonizing eyes with tears are wet,
  Whose bleeding heart can not be reconciled,
Unto the grave's embrace—even she shall yet
  Remember only when her babe first smiled!

"TIME BRINGS ROSES"

When from my mountain-top of years I gaze
  Backward upon the scenes that I have passed,
  How pleasant is the view! and yet how vast
  The deserts where I thirsted many days!
There, where now hangs that blue and shimmering haze,
  And there, and there, my lot with pain was cast,
  Hopeless and dark; but always at the last
Deliverance came from unexpected ways.
And now all past grief is as but a dream:
  Yet even now there loom before my path
  Shadows whose gloomy portent checks my breath.
But shadows are not always what they seem—
  God's love sometimes appears to be his wrath,
  And his best gift is the white rose of death.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE. A descriptive lyric true to nature. 15. "Boreas": the north wind.

CRISMUS TIMES IS COME. Dialect verse was excluded in the plan of this book, but this and one or two others are so perfectly faithful in delineating the negro of the South that they have almost demanded admission.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM. Classify this lyric, and state its stanza and metrical-structure. 7. Poe lost his young wife at Fordham. 20. Explain. 21-24. Lines worthy the spirit they commemorate. 25-28. Mythological names introduced to express Poe's imaginative reach. The same idea is repeated below,

"He touched at heaven and hell."

Does it appear elsewhere? 31. An unfortunate in-

terruption in the fluency of the poem. 38. "Stranded": stringed. 40. Israfel." See Poe's poem with this title, p. 49. 56. "Cenotaphed": like "stranded" above, a somewhat bold use of the word. The noun cenotaph, from which this word is made, means an empty tomb; one erected to a person buried elsewhere. In the haunting music of the lines and in the graceful movement of the stanzas the poem reminds one of Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine."

REMEMBRANCE. The sonnet was a favorite form with Mr. Boner in his latter years, and he handled it with remarkable skill. This is as well wrought as some by the English masters,—nor is it the only one, nor even the best, that could be chosen from his work.

"TIME BRINGS ROSES." Another sonnet—grave, thoughtful, comforting.

John Banister Tabb

1845-1909

Father Tabb, ordained as a Catholic priest in 1884, was born in Virginia. He served in the Confederate Navy as captain's mate on a blockade-runner. At the time of his death he was a teacher of the lower classes in English at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., and for several years had been a contributor of short, thoughtful poems to periodical literature.

He published these books: "Poems," "Lyrics," "An Octave to Mary," etc.

BEETHOVEN AND ANGELO

One made the surging sea of tone
  Subservient to his rod:
One from the sterile womb of stone
  Raised children unto God.

THE DEPARTED

They cannot wholly pass away,
  How far soe'er above;
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
  Apart from those we love:
For spirits in eternity,
  As shadows in the sun,
Reach backward into Time, as we,
  Like lifted clouds, reach on.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

FAME

Their noonday never knows
  What names immortal are:
'T is night alone that shows
  How star surpasseth star.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
  Life again.

BEETHOVEN AND ANGELO. This quatrain is representative of the author's work—thought couched in a few forceful words.

THE DEPARTED. 5-8. The simile is beautiful in the beginning, but is not carried out to a perfect conclusion. Criticise it.

FAME. Another perfect quatrain. Read White's great sonnet on Night and Death.

EVOLUTION. Nature teaches immortality; let us ponder this with hopeful reverence.

Will Henry Thompson

1848-——

Mr. Thompson is a brother of the late James Maurice Thompson, whose poetical works have already received attention in this compilation. He was born in Gordon County, Ga., and, with his brother, served through the war in the Confederate Army. He is a lawyer, and followed that profession for a while at Crawfordsville, Ind., but later removed to Seattle, Wash., where he now resides, and is an influential member of the bar. He is distinguished as an orator and as the author of a few remarkably strong poems.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A cloud possessed the hollow field;
The gathering battle's smoky shield,
  Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
  And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
  With Pickett leading grandly down,
  To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
  The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
  And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
  A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
  Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
  In blinding flame and strangling smoke
  The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
  "We two together, come what may
  Shall stand upon these works to-day"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
  "Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
  What time she sets her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
  The tattered standards of the South
  Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
  In vain Virginia charged and raged,
  A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
  Receding through the battle-cloud,
  And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace,
  They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
  And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
  They smote and fell, who set the bars
  Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
  They smote and stood, who held the hope
  Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill,
  God lives and reigns! He built and lent
  The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs,
  The mighty mother turns in tears
  The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

THE BOND OF BLOOD

The words of a rebel old and battered,
  Who will care to remember them?
Under the Lost Flag, battle-tattered,
  I was a comrade of Allan Memm.

Who was Allan that I should name him
  Bravest of all the brave who bled?
Why should a soldier's song proclaim him
  First of a hundred thousand dead?

An angel of battle, with fair hair curling
  By brown cheeks shrunken and wan with want;
A living missile that Lee was hurling
  Straight on the iron front of Grant;

A war-child born of the Old South's passion,
  Trained in the camp of the cavaliers;
A spirit wrought in the antique fashion
  Of Glory's martial morning years.

His young wife's laugh and his baby's prattle
  He bore through the roar of the hungry guns—
Through the yell of shell in the rage of battle,
  And the moan that under the thunder runs.

His was the voice that cried the warning
  At the shattered gate of the slaughter-pen,
When Hancock rushed in the gray of morning
  Over our doomed and desperate men.

His was the hand that held the standard—
  A flaring torch on a crumbling shore—
'Mid the billows of blue by the storm blown landward,
  And his call we heard through the ocean roar:

Ere the flag should shrink to a lost hope's token,
  Ere the glow of its glory be low and dim,
Ere its stars should fade and its bars be broken,
  Calling his comrades to come to him.

And these, at the order of Hill or Gordon,—
  God keep their ashes! I knew them well,—
Would have smashed the ranks of the devil's cordon,
Or charged through the flames that roar in hell.

But none could stand where the storm was beating,
  Never a comrade could reach his side;
In the spume of flame where the tides were meeting,
  He, of a thousand, stood and died.

And the foe, in the old heroic manner,
  Tenderly laid his form to rest,
The splintered staff and the riddled banner
  Hiding the horror upon his breast.

. . . . . .

Gone is the cot in the Georgia wildwood,
  Gone is the blossom-strangled porch;
The roof that sheltered a soldier's childhood
  Vainly pleaded with Sherman's torch.

Gone are the years, and far and feeble
  Ever the old wild echoes die;
Hark to the voice of a great, glad people
  Hailing the one flag under the sky!

And the monstrous heart of the storm receding
  Fainter and farther throbs and jars;
And the new storm bursts, and the brave are bleeding
  Under the cruel alien stars.

And Allan's wife in the grave is lying
  Under the old scorched vine and pine,
While Allan's child in the isles is dying
  Far on the foremost fighting line.

Cheer for the flag with the old stars spangled!
  Shake out its folds to the wind's caress,
Over the hearts by the war-hounds mangled,
  Down in the tangled Wilderness!

To wave o'er the grave of the brave forever;
  For the Gray has sealed, in the bond of blood,
His faith to the Blue, and the brave shall never
  Question the brave in the sight of God.

THE DEATH-DREAM OF ARMENIA

A cry from pagan dungeons deep
  To Albion old and brave;
A wail that startles from her sleep
  The mistress of the wave.

We feel the thrill through England's soul
  Of noblest passion's birth;
We hear her drum-alarum roll
  The circle of the earth.

When mothers kiss with pallid lips
  The wounds of murdered sons,
We see the sailors on her ships
  Leap to their shotted guns.

We hear her martial trumpets blow
  The challenge of the free;
Her lean steel war-wolves howling go
  Through gateways of the sea.

The talons of her eagles tear
  The vulture from his feast;
The lion mangles in his lair
  The tiger of the East.

Ah, what a cheer from Asia breaks
  And roars along the dawn,
As rescue's battle-thunder shakes
  The walls of Babylon!

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG. The late Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, called this the most remarkable battle poem, not merely of our day, but perhaps of any day,—an opinion in which Oliver Wendell Holmes concurred. Unquestionably it is the most powerful war lyric we have ever read. "Hohenlinden" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" both stand second to it. The author of it participated in many hard-fought battles (he was at the

"Bloody Angle," for instance), and he has in an unequalled degree the power to portray in language the action and sublimity of a great battle. Where lies the secret of the poet's power? In the first stanza he sketches out the whole setting. Sequence, observation, description, imagery, take their places naturally. Follow out the study from these suggestions. 46-50. What superb figure here? Is there anything in the sentiments between this and the close that a Southerner could criticise? 56-60. Is the standard of his imagery sustained here? Criticise it.

THE BOND OF BLOOD. What type of poem is this? What is its measure? Its movement? Its theme? Its spirit? 65-68. What distinguishes this stanza? Do these touches add to the effect or the finish of the poem?

THE DEATH-DREAM OF ARMENIA. Give the thought in this. What is the type? The poem is characteristic of the author. Some of its lines are masterfully constructed, 7, 12, 16, for instance. It rises to a climax.

Irwin Russell

1853-1879

Irwin Russell was the first to discover the literary value of the negro folk-song; both Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page acknowledge their indebtedness to Russell.

Russell was born at Port Gibson, Miss., and when a child contracted yellow fever, from the effects of which he never recovered fully. The family removed to St. Louis, where the boy completed a commercial course. At the opening of the Civil War his family returned to their native State, and at the close of the conflict Irwin studied law, a profession he never followed, his inclination being toward letters.

It is said that "Christmas Night in the Quarters," from which these extracts are taken, was first declined by a local newspaper, and afterwards published by an influential magazine. Upon its appearance other journals of standing gave the young author a hearing; and, thus encouraged, he visited New York with the hope of establishing himself there. He fell sick, however, and, disappointed, returned to the South to spend his last days in grief and poverty.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BANJO

From "Christmas Night in the Quarters."

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you
a-squawkin';
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de
banjo talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn,—
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column,—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es,—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle,—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heerd de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hese'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder,"—
She sound' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all together;

Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob de niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat's nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em,—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE

From "Christmas Night in the Quarters."

O Mahs'r! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you know it's Chrismus-night;
An' all de balunce of de yeah we does as right's we kin,
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahs'r! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wu'kin' hard an' wu'kin true;
Now, shorely you won't notus ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, next week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahs'r,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people r'aly *ought* to dance when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more 'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahs'r! call yo' chillun soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

These two selections, together with Boner's, pp. 260, 261, and McNeill's, pp. 336, 337, leave nothing to be added in negro dialect. Nothing better or truer has ever been written in this vein.

Samuel Minturn Peck

1854-——

This writer of graceful songs lives in his native town, Tuscaloosa, Ala. His parents were both from the North, but lived in, and were identified with, the South. His father, E. Wolsey Peck, was Chief Justice of Alabama.

The son was graduated from the University of Alabama, studied medicine (which he never practiced), and later began making songs, nature lyrics, and society verse. Still later he tried prose, and has published a book of stories entitled "Alabama Sketches," which appeared about 1902. He continues to contribute to the magazines, and has considerable material toward another volume. His principal collections are "Cap and Bells," "Rings and Love-Knots," and "Rhymes and Roses." He is to America what Austin Dobson is to England.

FOREBODING

If love could pass as die away
The summer winds at ebb of day
That through the amber silence stray,
  Sweet heralds of repose,
Whispering in the ear of Night
The memory of the Morning's light,
  The fragrance of its rose,
Then we might love and never dread
The awful void when love is dead.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH

O peerless land of tears and smiles,
  Of fragrant glooms and golden hours,
Where Summer's hand with endless wiles
  Entwines the feet of Time with flowers,
Howe'er the tide of fortune flow,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!

No blot of shame thy record mars
  In senate-hall or lurid fight:
Thy spotless fame shines like the stars
  That guard thee through the balmy night.
In weary wanderings to and fro,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!

Thy maids are fair, thy warriors brave,
  And those at peace beneath the pine,
Hymned through the air by wind and
    wave,—
  Their glory needs no song of mine.
O native Land! through weal and woe,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go.

IN THE SOUTHERN PINES

Oh, art thou weary of the glare
  Of cities and the fevered show,
And dost thou loathe the fret and care
  That through their ways forever flow?
  Prithee to me give ear, for lo!
Beside a pine-clad Southern hill
  There is a place to soothe thy woe,
Where sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

Thou wilt not hear the trumpet's blare,
No diva's shrill arpeggio;
No danseuse demi-nude will dare
Lorgnettes up-levelled row on row;
But purer pleasures thou shalt know,
The trembling fern, the purling rill;
For thee shall bound the startled doe
Where sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

And thou shalt greet beyond compare
The fairest vision life can owe,
When through the calm and fragrant air
The night shall come with stars a-glow,
And tall magnolias all a-blow
Shall win the zephyrs to be still;
All this is thine if thou wilt go
Where sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

ENVOY

Oh, Prince, I pray this boon bestow
On one unlearned in courtier-skill,
Come with me now and fear no foe
Where sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

WHEN THE CRICKET SINGS

When the cricket sings with elfin lyre
In autumn fields of rich attire,
How sweet to gaze, with heart at rest,
Where summer's flying feet have pressed
The glowing turf! What joy is higher?
The sunbeams stretch like golden wire
Whereon the winds at their desire
Chant choruses with happy zest
When the cricket sings.

Yet when the autumn hues expire,
And winter gales shriek out in ire,
  There comes an hour more truly blest,
  For Love and I, within our nest,
We heed no storm beside the fire
    When the cricket sings!

AN ALABAMA GARDEN

Along a pine-clad hill it lies,
O'erlooked by limpid Southern skies,
A spot to feast a fairy's eyes,
  A nook for happy fancies.
The wild bee's mellow monotone
Here blends with bird-notes zephyr-blown,
And many an insect voice unknown
  The harmony enhances.

The rose's shattered splendor flees
With lavish grace on every breeze,
And lilies sway with flexile ease
  Like dryads snowy-breasted;
And where gardenias drowse between
Rich curving leaves of glossy green,
The cricket strikes his tambourine,
  Amid the mosses nested.

Here dawn-flushed myrtles interlace,
And sifted sunbeams shyly trace
Frail arabesques whose shifting grace
  Is wrought of shade and shimmer;
At eventide scents quaint and rare
Go straying through my garden fair,
As if they sought with wildered air
  The fireflies' fitful glimmer.

Oh, could some painter's facile brush
On canvas limn my garden's blush,
The fevered world its din would hush
To crown the high endeavor;
Or could a poet snare in rhyme
The breathings of this balmy clime
His fame might dare the dart of Time
And soar undimmed forever!

MIGNON

Across the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.
The stars seem kind,
And e'en the wind
Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain, *ma belle?*
Say no, Mignon, say no!

Erelong the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through;
Let not my heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.
Your casement ope
And bid me hope,
Give me one smile to bless;
A word will ease my pain, *ma belle,*
Say yes, Mignon, say yes!

FOREBODING. The author sent me this tender little reflection, and it is now printed for the first time.

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH. This lyric reveals the author's feeling toward his native Southland.

IN THE SOUTHERN PINES. This is a ballade, a French form. Examine its complicated structure. It takes rare skill in versification to write it well, for spontaneity is its chief charm, and its restrictions are likely to give it a labored movement. 25. The "Envoy" is an explanatory or commendatory postscript added to this kind of poem.

WHEN THE CRICKET SINGS is also a foreign form, —a rondeau. The foregoing remarks apply here.

AN ALABAMA GARDEN. Classify this poem. What is its mood? Characterize its diction. Its movement. What is its stanza-form? Is the form figurative? 6. "Zephyr-blown": the word is trite. 11, 12. Is the figure more graceful than illustrative? 12. "Dryads": nymphs of the woods. 15. Criticise the line. 19. "Arabesques": meaning? The poem is written with delicate appreciation.

MIGNON. This is an exquisite little love song, tender in mood and graceful in movement. 2, 3. Explain the pretty conceit.

Armistead Churchill Gordon

1855-——

Mr. Gordon is a lawyer, living in Staunton, Va., and was at one time mayor of that city. He is a Virginian, born in Albemarle County, and is the grandson of General W. F. Gordon.

With Thomas Nelson Page he published "Befo' de War." He himself is the author of "Echoes in Negro Dialect," "For Truth and Freedom," and "The Gay Gordons,"—this last being a collection of ballads edited by him and containing one of his own. "The Gift of the Morning Star," "The Ivory Gate," "Robin Aroon," "For Truth and Freedom," "Life of General William Fitzhugh Gordon," are others of his works.

NEW MARKET

How shall the eternal fame of them be told,
  Who, dying in the heyday of life's morn,
Thrust from their lips the chalice of bright gold
  Filled to the brim with joy, and went forlorn
Into the abysmal darkness of that bourn
Whence they who thither go may nevermore return?

The circling seasons pass in old progression
  Of beauty and of immortality;
The ancient stars march on in far procession;
  And immemorial winds sweep o'er the sea;
The mountains drop their wine; the flowers bloom;
While these, who should have lived, sleep in an early tomb.

No blight had touched the garlands that they wore,
  Dewy and fresh with innocence and ruth;
No dead illusions or spent glamours bore
  With heaviness upon them. Their gay youth
Caught but the bubbles on the beaker's brim,
Nor e'er beheld life's lees with eyes grown old and dim.

Were they in love with death's forgetfulness
  Thus to lie down with the enduring dead?
Had wood and stream lost all their loveliness,
  Or morning's sunshine faded overhead,
That they sought surcease of life's sorrows there,
Leaving wan Love to weep o'er boyhood's sunny hair?

All the old questionings rise to our lips
  In the sad contemplation of Youth slain:
Life's hidden meaning, and Death's dark eclipse,—
  The passion and the pathos and the pain;—
The unanswering answer that the wisest reads
In the grim mystery that hangs behind the creeds.

And yet—and yet—we old, whose heads are gray,
  Whose hearts are heavy, and whose steps are slow
With journeying on this rough and thorny way,—
  We, who live after them,—what may we know
Of their ecstatic rapture thus to have died,—
The marvellous, sleepless souls that perished in their pride?

If the worn hearts and weary fall on sleep
  With a deep longing for its sweet repose,
Shall not they, likewise, whom the high Gods keep,
  Die while yet bloom the lily and the rose?
To each man living comes a day to die:
What better day than when Truth calls to Liberty?

Writ in the rocks, the world's primeval page
  Is old past human skill to interpret it,
Save where it speaks to grief of man's gray age,
  And with the end of all things is o'erwrit:—
All things save one, that hath unfading youth
And strength and power and beauty,—clear-eyed Truth.

On mountain top—in valley—by the sea,—
  Wherever sleep the patriots who have died
In her high honor,—at Thermopylæ,—
  At Bannockburn,—or where great rivers glide,
To the wide ocean bordering our own shore,
Truth sees the holy face of Freedom evermore!

The blood-stained face of Freedom, that hath wrought
  For man a magic and a mystery:
Whose bright blade, e'en when broken, yet hath bought
  A grave with the eternal for the free.
—Freedom and Truth,—these went beside them there,
Marching to deathless death, forever young and fair.

—"Send the Cadets in! and may God forgive!"
  —Who spake the words had welcomed rather death.
But truth dies not, and Liberty shall live,
  E'en though Youth wither in the cannon's breath.
—And at the order, debonair and gay,
They move into the front of an immortal day.

"Battalion forward!" rang the sharp command;
"Guide centre!" and the banner was unfurled.
Then, as if on parade, the little band
Dressed to the flag.—A sad and sombre world
Thrills with the memory of how they went,
Into that raging storm of fire and carnage blent.

A worn and weary world in sorrow weeps
For high hopes vanished at life's sunny morn;
—Yet Truth with eyes that never falter, keeps
Her gaze on Freedom's face, that smiles in scorn
Of death for them who wear the laurelled crown,—
The early dead, who die with an achieved renown.

Creeds fade, faiths perish; empires rise and fall;
And as the shining sun goes on his way,
Oblivion covers with a dusty pall
The life of man, predestined to decay.
—Yet is there one thing that shall never die:
The memory of the Dead for Truth and Liberty.

This poem was read June 23, 1903, at the dedication of Sir Moses Ezekiel's monument to the memory of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who fell in the battle of New Market, Va., May 15, 1864. What type of poem? 52, 53. What battles are meant in "or where great rivers glide," etc.?

William Hamilton Hayne

1856-——

The son of Paul Hamilton Hayne inherited a goodly share of his father's lyric gift. He grew to manhood at "Copse Hill" under the careful direction of his refined parents, and attained to an intimate knowledge of English literature and music.

His poems are usually brief, many of them taking the quatrain form. His power of concentration is at times striking. No better illustration of this statement could be offered than the first selection from his work, "The Head of Niobe."

Mr. Hayne has published one volume, "Sylvan Lyrics," and contributes occasionally to some of our leading periodicals. He now lives in Augusta, Ga.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE

In the Uffizi Gallery

Lips that withhold the anguish she had known,
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone,—
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

THE BUST OF KRONOS

In the Vatican Museum

A half-veiled head, a sad, unfurrowed face,
Titanic power and more than mortal grace;
Across wan lips and eyes bereft of light
The awful shadow of unending night.

IN SHADOW-LAND

In shadow-land I wander far
  Without the clasp of that dear hand,
Whose mother-love was like a star
    In shadow-land.

Her soul has reached the shining strand
  Where waves that roll from Death's dark bar
Lapse into light and music grand.

She dwells where darkness cannot mar
  The hills of God, by glory spanned,—
I roam where grief's gray memories are
    In shadow-land.

THE SCREECH-OWL

I

He loves the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

When the sun's latest glow has fled,
Weird as a warning from the dead,

His voice comes o'er the startled rills,
And the black hollows of the hills,

As though to chant, in language fell,
An invocation caught from Hell!

II

He seeks the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

He loves to think man's breath must pass
Like a spent wind amid the grass;

And oft the bitterest blows of Fate,
His eerie cries anticipate!

Ah! once he knew in realms below
The mysteries of Death and Woe;

And in his sombre wings are furled
The secrets of the under world!

THE SOUTHERN SNOW-BIRD

I see a tiny fluttering form
Beneath the soft snow's soundless storm
'Mid a strange moonlight palely shed
Through mocking cloud-rifts overhead.

All other birds are far from sight,—
They think the day has turned to night;
But he is cast in hardier mould,
This chirping courier of the cold.

He does not come from lands forlorn,
Where midnight takes the place of morn;
Nor did his dauntless heart, I know,
Beat first above Siberian snow;

And yet an arctic bird he seems;
Though nurtured near our southern streams.
The tip of his small tail may be
A snow-storm in epitome.

A SEA LYRIC

There is no music that man has heard,
  Like the voice of the minstrel sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
  With infinite mystery—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
  Like the love of the deep-souled sea,
Whose tide responds to the moon's soft light
  With marvelous melody—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
  Like the grief of the wordless main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
  With an untranslated pain—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

IN SHADOW LAND. Compare this rondeau with Peck's, p. 284, and note the difference in their form.

THE SCREECH-OWL is written in couplets. Point out how the setting and the diction are in harmony with the theme.

THE SOUTHERN SNOW-BIRD. This, too, is written with keen appreciation. Contrast its treatment with the foregoing. 8, 16. Very felicitous lines; match them elsewhere in the poem.

A SEA LYRIC. This poem, taken from the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which it first appeared, is one of the author's very best poems. It is indeed a haunting melody.

Frank Lebby Stanton

1857-——

Mr. Stanton is a South Carolinian. He was born in Charleston, but for the most of his life has been a resident of Atlanta, Ga. He is on the editorial staff of the *Constitution*, and contributes a column daily to that paper,—verses, witticisms, etc. While these songs necessarily lack thought and finish, dashed off as they are to fill waiting space, yet now and then one sings with lyric beauty.

He has issued three volumes, "Songs of a Day," "Songs of the Soil," and "Comes One with a Song." His poems are widely popular.

MY DEAD FRIEND

Adown the vale of Life together
We walked in Spring and Winter weather,
  When days were dim, when days were bright;
My friend of whom God's will bereft me,
Whose kind, congenial spirit left me
  And went forth in the Unknown Night.

I saw his step grow more invalid,
I saw his cheek grow pallid—pallid,
  And wither like a dying rose;
Until, at length, being all too weary
For Life's rude scenes and places dreary,
  He bade farewell to friends and foes.

This is his grave. The Spring with flowers
Bestrews it in the morning hours,
  Her rarest roses o'er him bowed;
And Summer pauses to deplore him,
And weeping Winter arches o'er him
  Her solemn drapery of cloud.

He was not faultless. God, who gave him
Life, and Christ, who died to save him,
Sent Sorrow, wherewith he was tried;
  And if, as I who loved him name him,
  There should be heard a voice to blame him,
May we not answer, "Christ hath died"?

Ah, verily! . . . I fancy often
I see his kindly features soften,—
  I mark his melting eyes grow dim,
While Hunger, with its pained appealing,
Its want and woe and grief revealing,
  Stretched its imploring palms to him.

He cannot answer now. He never,
In all the dim, vast, deep Forever,
  Shall speak with human words again.
He cannot hear the song-birds calling;
He cannot feel the Spring dews falling,
  Nor sigh when Winter winds complain.

Deep is his sleep. He would not waken
Though earth were to her centre shaken
  By the loud thunders of a God.
Though the strong sea, by tempest driven,
With wailing waves rock earth and heaven,
  He would not answer from the sod.

So be it, friend! A little while hence,
And in the drear, deep, dreamless silence
We too shall share thy couch of rest.
When we have trod Life's pathways dreary,
Kind Death will take the hands grown weary,
And gently fold them o'er the breast.

Sleep on, dear friend! No marble column
Gleams in the lights and shadows solemn
Over the grasses on thy grave;
But flowers bloom there—the roses love thee;
And the tall oaks that tower above thee,
Their broad, green banners o'er thee wave.

Sleep, while the weary years are flying;
While men are born, while men are dying!
Sleep on thy curtained couch of sod!
Thine be the rest which Christ hath given,
Thine be the Christian's hope of Heaven;
Thine be the perfect peace of God!

LITTLE ELAINE

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
With eyes like violets wet with rain—
Silvery April rain that throws
(Ah, never with eyes as bright as those!)
Melting diamonds over the rose.
You have left me alone, but where have
you flown?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
With laughing lips of the crimson stain—
Lips that smiled as the sunlight glows
When morning breaks like a white, sweet rose
Over the wearisome winter snows?
Shall I miss their song my whole life long?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

You have left me lonely, little Elaine:
I call to you, but I call in vain;
I sing to you when the twilight throws
Its dying light on my life's last rose,
While the tide of memory ebbs and flows.
Is it God's own will I should miss you still?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

GOOD-BY

There's a kind o' chilly feelin' in the blowin' o' the breeze,
An' a sense o' sadness stealin' through the tresses o' the trees;
And it's not the sad September that's slowly drawin' nigh,
But jest that I remember I'm here to say "Good-by."

"Good-by," the wind is wailin'; "good-by," the trees complain,
An' bend low down to whisper, with green leaves white with rain;
"Good-by," the roses murmur, an' the bendin' lilies sigh,
As if they all felt sorry that I'm come to say "Good-by."

I reckon all have said it, some time or other—soft
An' easy like—with eyes low down, that couldn't look aloft
Fer the tears that trembled in 'em, fer the lips that choked the sigh
When it kind o' took holt o' the heart, an' made it beat "Good-by!"

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standin' here alone,
With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the future all unknown,
A gloomin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep back the sigh,
An' I'm weepin' like a woman as I tell you all "Good-by!"

The work I've done is with you; maybe some things went wrong,
Like a note that jars the music in the sweet flow of a song!
But, brethren, when you think o' me, I only ask you would
Say as the Master said o' one: "He's done just what he could!"

An' when you sit together in the time that's goin' to be,
By your bright an' beamin' firesides in this pleasant land o' Lee,
Let the sweet past come before you, an' with somethin' like a sigh,
Jest say: "We ain't fergot him since the day he said "Good-by!"

MY DEAD FRIEND. A dignified expression of a manly sorrow. At times the poem reaches exalted utterance, as, for instance, in line 32. 36-41. Is this passage in the same key as the verse mentioned? 43. "While hence," rhyming with "silence," is as unexpected as Browning's somewhat similar "silence" with "mile hence" in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," —or his "from mice" with "promise," in the same poem.

LITTLE ELAINE. A lyric of tender sentiment, worthy to be classed with some of those by Aldrich, Field, and Riley.

GOOD-BY. This is introduced as a representative of the author's dialect verse, in which class by far the most of his work falls. What is the theme in this poem? 20. What of this quotation? What is the measure? The movement?

Henry Jerome Stockard

1858- ——

[Mr. Stockard's poems are included in this volume at our request. THE PUBLISHERS.]

Mr. Stockard is a native of North Carolina, where he has resided nearly all his life. He was educated at the Graham High School, and pursued a course at the State University, Chapel Hill, N. C. He is an educator, has been a member of the faculties of the University of North Carolina, Fredericksburg College (Va.), etc., and is at this time the president of Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C., with which college he has been connected for about ten years.

Mr. Stockard has contributed occasionally to some of our leading periodicals,—*Harper's*, the *Century*, etc., and is the author of one volume of verse, "Fugitive Lines" (1897), published by the Putnams of New York. He is also the author of this "Study in Southern Poetry."

SHAKESPEARE

He heard the Voice that spake and, unafraid,
  Beheld at dawning of primeval light
  The systems flame to being, move in flight
  Unmeasured, unimagined, and unstayed.
He stood at nature's evening and surveyed
  Dissolvèd worlds,—saw uncreated night
  About the universe's depth and height

Slowly and silently forever laid.
Down the pale avenues of death he trod,
And, trembling, gazed on scenes of hate that chilled
His blood, and for a breath his pulses stilled:—
Then clouds from sun-bright shores a moment rolled
And, blinded, glimpsed he One with thunder shod,
Crowned with the stars, and with the morning stoled!

SCIENCE

She leads the sea through hills of Darien,
And brings the east and west to every door,
With silent influence drawing more and more
Into close brotherhood the tribes of men.
She holds the trail of Pain to his secret den;
The dim process of being dares explore;
Spells slowly out on mountain, rock, and shore
The syllables of God to mortal ken.
She yet may sail from vague, cloud-builded piers,
And lay along the darkness and the wind
A cable vast which world to world shall bind;
Breathless, may catch the deep, slow speech of Mars,
Now, haply, passing on from outer spheres
The grave, tremendous message of the stars.

MOLLUSCS

Down where the bed of ocean sinks profound,
Lodged in the clefts and chasms of the deep
Where silence and eternal darkness keep
These dumb primordial living forms abound.
What know they of this life in the vast round

Of earth and air,—how wild the pulses leap
At love's sweet dream,—what storms of sorrow sweep,—
What hopes allure us and what terrors hound?

And, scattered on these slopes and plains below
This atmospheric sea, one with the worm
And beetle, for a momentary term,
What know we more of those ethereal spheres,—
What rapture may be there, what poignant woe,
What towering passions and what high careers?

AS SOME MYSTERIOUS WANDERER OF THE SKIES

As some mysterious wanderer of the skies,
Emerging from the deeps of outer dark,
Traces for once in human ken the arc
Of its stupendous curve, then swiftly flies
Out through some orbit veiled in space, which lies
Where no imagination may embark,—
Some onward-reaching track that God did mark
For all eternity beneath his eyes,—
So comes the soul forth from creation's vast;
So clothed with mystery moves through mortal sight;
Then sinks away into the Great Unknown.
What systems it hath seen in all the past,
What worlds shall blaze upon its future flight,
Thou knowest, eternal God, and thou alone!

Benjamin Sledd

1864-——

Mr. Sledd was born in Virginia, and was educated at Washington and Lee University, that State, where in 1886 he was graduated with the degree of M. A. Immediately he entered upon a course at Johns Hopkins, but was compelled to give up his plans on account of failing sight. Since 1888 he has been a professor in Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.

Mr. Sledd has published two volumes of verses, "From Cliff and Scaur" and "The Watchers of the Hearth," and he has yet another ready for the press, "Idylls of the Old South."

There is a chord of melancholy distinct in the poet's lyrics which at times becomes a major tone.

MY SILENT GUEST

In the lone night she comes
  And clasps her hand in mine;
We speak not: silence has
  A language more divine.

Day with its weary strife,
  Night with its gloom, forgot:
Soul and soul are wandering
  Where day and night come not.

ISAAC

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood."—NEGRO MELODY.

Where the pine-woods in the twilight murmur sadly
of the past,
Singing goes he, with the fagots o'er his bended
shoulder cast,—
Poor old Isaac, of a vanished time and order, best
and last.

And his song is of the master, many a year now in
his grave,
Loved as brother loveth brother,—worthy master,
worthy slave.

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—oh, the memory of the days
Blessed with more than ease and plenty, freer hearts
and gentler ways.

Once again 'tis Christmas morning, and I watch with
sleepless eyes
Where the phantom of the Yule log 'mid its ashes
glimmering lies.

Isaac's horn, without, is sounding day-break summons unto all.—
Mansion, cabin, byre and sheepfold, waken to the
mellow call.

And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots
into flame;
To the trundle-bed then stealing, whispers low each
sleeper's name,
Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to
claim?

And he tells of many a secret Santa Claus alone should know,—
Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light to show.

And the treasures without number fashioned by the dear old hand—
Childhood's inmost, sweetest longings, who so well could understand?
Christ, who so loved little children, bless him in that better land!

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the way:
Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.
Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before the door,
And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor.

Trees are springing where the pathway to the master's mansion led,
And the feet which trooped along it, all are vanished, some are dead.
"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—comes the old remembered strain;
Hush! 'tis Isaac softly singing by his cabin door again!

—Only swallows in the twilight round the chimney twittering go,
Mournful token of the hearthstone cold and tenantless below.

In the old forsaken garden, sleeps the master, sleeps
the slave:
And the pines to-night are sighing o'er each unremembered grave.

DECADENCE

They weary us,—those mighty bards of old
Who sang alone of war and fateful wrong,
Their accents for our tired lives too strong,
Which all the voices of the past must hold.
And Ilion's woe, divinest tale e'er told,
Can win us not; nor Milton's seraph song;
And even he, lord of the buskined throng,
Speaks in a language harsh and overbold.

Better in time's still, pensive noon to lie
'Mid the sweet grass, on lonely pasture slopes—
Some lowly poet's new-discovered rhymes,
A far white hamlet, with its faint-heard chimes,
Murmur of youth and maiden loitering by,
And all our little world of dreams and hopes.

INTERCESSION

To-night, methought, across the moonlight's play
Upon my wall, a shadowy hand was thrust,
And past my lattice, like a wandering gust
Of ghostly wind, that wailing dies away,
Came a low voice. "A year," it seemed to say,
"And earth shall hold in her mysterious trust
Thy little all of silent, sightless dust,
Waiting—some far-off, prophet-promised day!"
And while I listened, awed but undismayed,

Half joyed to give life's long, hard conflict o'er,
Came sound of little feet upon my floor,
And touch of soft, warm cheeks pressed to my own.
And through the gloom, with burning heart I prayed,
"Spare me, ye powers, till my brood be flown!"

MY SILENT GUEST. These lines have reference to a lost child. They are stamped with sincerity.

ISAAC. A true picture of a character that is passing away rapidly—too rapidly. What type of poem is this? Its measure? Its theme?

DECADENCE. What is the exact theme in this sonnet? 6. "Ilion": Troy. 7. "Lord of the buskined throng": Shakespeare. Explain buskined. 8. Justify the criticism.

INTERCESSION. The author's love for children is shown again here. Give the scheme of this and contrast its sestet with that of the foregoing. 11, 12. A tender sentiment.

Madison Julius Cawein

1865- ——

No other American of to-day has taken up verse-writing with more earnestness than Mr. Cawein, and very few with so much success. He has already issued eight or ten volumes, and is yet a young man. His first collection, put forth when he was a schoolboy, attracted the favorable notice of recognized critics; and if one may judge by his growth in his art since its appearance the author has entered upon a career honorable alike to himself and to the South.

Among his books may be named the following:— "Blooms of the Berry," "Accolon of Gaul," "Lyrics and Idylls," "Moods and Memories," "Red Leaves and Roses," "Undertones," "The Garden of Dreams," "Shapes and Shadows," "Idyllic Monologues," "One Day and Another," "Weeds by the Wall," and "A Voice on the Wind." A collection of his poems, made by Mr. Edmund Gosse, was published, 1902, in England under the title, "Kentucky Poems," and was received with cordial favor throughout that country. Besides his original work, he has made good translations, in their original meters, of the German poets from Goethe to Geibel. His poems are instinct with true feeling, graceful in diction, rich in imagery, and vivid in imagination.

Mr. Cawein is a native of Louisville, Ky., where he now lives.

A TWILIGHT MOTH

Dusk is thy dawn; when Eve puts on her state
  Of gold and purple in the marblest west,
Thou comest forth like some embodied trait,
  Or dim conceit, a lily-bud confessed;
Or, of a rose, the visible wish; that, white,
Goes softly messengering through the night,
  Whom each expectant flower makes it guest.

All day the primroses have thought of thee,
  Their golden heads close-haremed from the heat;
All day the mystic moonflowers silkenly
  Veiled snowy faces,—that no bee might greet
Or butterfly that, weighed with pollen, passed;—
Keeping Sultana charms for thee, at last,
  Their lord, who comest to salute each sweet.

Cool-throated flowers that avoid the day's
  Too fervid kisses; every bud that drinks
The tipsy dew and to the starlight plays
  Nocturnes of fragrance, thy winged shadow links
In bonds of secret brotherhood and faith;
O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
  Like some pale symbol fluttering o'er these pinks.

What dost thou whisper in the balsam's ear
  That sets it blushing, or the hollyhock's,—
A syllabled silence that no man may hear,—
  As dreamily upon its stem it rocks?
What spell dost bear from listening plant to plant,
Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
  Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox?

O voyager of that universe which lies
  Between the four walls of this garden fair,—
Whose constellations are the fireflies
  That wheel their instant courses everywhere,—
'Mid fairy firmaments wherein one sees
Mimic Boötes and the Pleiades,
  Thou steerest like some fairy ship-of-air.

Gnome-wrought of moonbeam fluff and gossamer,
  Silent as scent, perhaps thou chariotest
Mab or King Oberon; or, haply, her
  His queen, Titania, on some midnight quest.—
O for the herb, the magic euphrasy,
That should unmask thee to mine eyes, ah, me!
  And all that world at which my soul hath guessed!

THE TREE TOAD

I

Secluded, solitary on some underbough,
  Or cradled in a leaf, 'mid glimmering light,
Like Puck thou crouchest: Haply watching how
  The slow toad-stool comes bulging, moony white,
  Through loosening loam; or how, against the night,
The glow-worm gathers silver to endow
  The darkness with; or how the dew conspires
  To hang at dusk with lamps of chilly fires
    Each blade that shrivels now.

II

O vague confederate of the whip-poor-will,
  Of owl and cricket and the katydid!
Thou gatherest up the silence in one shrill
  Vibrating note and send'st it where, half hid
  In cedars, twilight sleeps—each azure lid
Drooping a line of golden eyeball still.—
  Afar, yet near, I hear thy dewy voice
  Within the Garden of the Hours apoise
    On dusk's deep daffodil.

III

Minstrel of moisture! silent when high noon
  Shows her tanned face among the thirsting clover
And parching meadows thy tenebrious tune
  Wakes with the dew or when the rain is over,
  Thou troubadour of wetness and damp lover
Of all cool things! admitted comrade boon
  Of twilight's hush, and little intimate
  Of eve's first fluttering star and delicate
    Round rim of rainy moon!

IV

Art trumpeter of Dwarf-land? does thy horn
  Inform the gnomes and goblins of the hour
When they may gambol under haw and thorn,
  Straddling each winking web and twinkling flower?
  Or bell-ringer of Elf-land? whose tall tower
The liriodendron is? from whence is borne
  The elfin music of thy bell's deep bass,
  To summon fairies to their starlit maze,
    To summon them or warn.

DROUTH

I

The hot sunflowers by the glaring pike
  Lift shields of sultry brass; the teasel tops,
Pink-thorned, advance with bristling spike on spike
  Against the furious sunlight. Field and copse
  Are sick with summer now, with breathless stops
The locusts cymbal; now grasshoppers beat
  Their castanets: and rolled in dust, a team,—
  Like some mean life wrapped in its sorry dream,—
An empty wagon rattles through the heat.

II

Where now the blue, blue flags? the flow'rs whose mouths
  Are moist and musky? Where the sweet-breathed mint,
That made the brook-bank herby? Where the South's
  Wild morning-glories, rich in hues, that hint
  At coming showers that the rainbows tint?
Where all the blossoms that the wildwood knows?—
  The frail oxalis hidden in its leaves;
  The Indian-pipe, pale as a soul that grieves;
The freckled touch-me-not and forest-rose.

III

Dead! dead! all dead besides the drouth-burnt brook,
  Shrouded in moss or in the shriveled grass.
Where waved their bells,—from which the wild-bee shook
  The dew-drop once,—gaunt, in a nightmare mass,

The rank weeds crowd; through which the cattle pass,
Thirsty and lean, seeking some meagre spring,
Closed in with thorns, on which stray bits of wool
The panting sheep have left, that sought the cool,
From morn till evening wearily wandering.

IV

No bird is heard; no throat to whistle awake
The sleepy hush; to let its music leak
Fresh, bubble-like, through bloom-roofs of the brake:
Only the green-blue heron, famine weak,—
Searching the stale pools of the minnowless creek,—
Utters its call; and then the rain-crow, too,
False prophet now, croaks to the stagnant air;
While overhead,—still as if painted there,—
A buzzard hangs, black on the burning blue.

BEFORE THE RAIN

Before the rain, low in the obscure east,
Weak and morose the moon hung, sickly gray;
Around its disc the storm mists, cracked and creased,
Wove an enormous web, wherein it lay
Like some white spider hungry for its prey.
Vindictive looked the scowling firmament,
In which each star, that flashed a dagger ray,
Seemed filled with malice of some dark intent.

The marsh-frog croaked; and underneath the stone
  The peevish cricket raised a creaking cry.
Within the world these sounds were heard alone,
  Save when the ruffian wind swept from the sky,
  Making each tree like some sad spirit sigh;
Or shook the clumsy beetle from its weed,
  That, in the drowsy darkness, bungling by,
Sharded the silence with its feverish speed.

Slowly the tempest gathered. Hours passed
  Before was heard the thunder's sullen drum
Rumbling night's hollow; and the Earth at last,
  Restless with waiting,—like a woman, dumb
  With doubting of the love that should have clomb
Her casement hours ago,—avowed again,
  'Mid protestations, joy that he had come.
And all night long I heard the Heavens explain.

FEUD

A mile of lane,—hedged high with iron-weeds
And dying daisies,—white with sun, that leads
Downward into a wood; through which a stream
  Steals like a shadow; over which is laid
A bridge of logs, worn deep by many a team,
  Sunk in the tangled shade.

Far off a wood-dove lifts its lonely cry;
And in the sleepy silver of the sky
A gray hawk wheels scarce larger than a hand.
  From point to point the road grows worse and worse,
Until that place is reached where all the land
  Seems burdened with some curse.

A ragged fence of pickets, warped and sprung,—
On which the fragments of a gate are hung,—
Divides a hill, the fox and ground-hog haunt,
  A wilderness of briers; o'er whose tops
A battered barn is seen, low-roofed and gaunt,
  'Mid fields that know no crops.

Fields over which a path, o'erwhelmed with burrs
And ragweeds, noisy with the grasshoppers,
Leads,—lost, irresolute as paths the cows
  Wear through the woods,—unto a woodshed; then,
With wrecks of windows, to a huddled house,
  Where men have murdered men.

A house, whose tottering chimney, clay and rock,
Is seamed and crannied; whose lame door and lock
Are bullet-bored; around which, there and here,
  Are sinister stains.—One dreads to look around.—
The place seems thinking of that time of fear
  And dares not breathe a sound.

Within is emptiness: the sunlight falls
On faded journals papering its walls;
On advertisement chromos, torn with time,
  Around a hearth where wasps and spiders build.—
The house is dead; meseems that night of crime
  It, too, was shot and killed.

THE MAN IN GRAY

I

Again, in dreams, the veteran hears
  The bugle and the drum;
Again the boom of battle nears,
  Again the bullets hum;

Again he mounts, again he cheers,
  Again his charge speeds home—
O memories of those long gone years!
  O years that are to come!

We live in dreams as well as deeds, in thoughts as as well as acts;
And life through things we feel, not know, is realized the most;
The conquered are the conquerors, despite the face of facts,
If they still feel their cause was just who fought for it and lost.

II

Again, in thought, he hears at dawn
  The far reveille die;
Again he marches stern and wan
  Beneath a burning sky:
He bivouacs; the night comes on;
  His comrades 'round him lie—
O memories of the years long gone!
  O years that now go by!

The vintager of Earth is War, is War whose grapes are men;
Into his wine-vats armies go, his wine-vats steaming red:
The crimson vats of battle where he stalks, as in a den,
Drunk with the must of Hell that spurts beneath his iron tread.

III

Again, in mind, he's lying where
The trenches slay with heat;
Again his flag floats o'er him, fair
In charge or fierce retreat:
Again all's lost; again despair
Makes death seem three times sweet—
O years of tears that crowned his hair
With laurels of defeat!

There is reward for those who dare, for those who dare and do;
Who face the dark inevitable, who fall and know no shame:
Upon their banner triumph sits and in the horn they blew,—
Naught's lost if honor be not lost, defeat is but a name.

ENCHANTMENT

The deep seclusion of this forest path,—
O'er which the green boughs weave a canopy,
Along which bluet and anemone
Spread a dim carpet; where the twilight hath
Her dark abode; and, sweet as aftermath,
Wood-fragrance breathes,—has so enchanted me,
That yonder blossoming bramble seems to be
Some sylvan resting, rosy from her bath:
Has so enspelled me with tradition's dreams,
That every foam-white stream that twinkling flows,

And every bird that flutters wings of tan,
Or warbles hidden, to my fancy seems
A Naiad dancing to a Faun who blows
Wild woodland music on the pipes of Pan.

CAVERNS

Written of Colossal Cave, Kentucky

Aisles and abysses; leagues no man explores,
Of rock that labyrinths and night that drips;
Where everlasting silence broods, with lips
Of adamant, o'er earthquake-builded floors.
Where forms, such as the Demon-World adores,
Laborious water carves; whence echo slips
Wild-tongued o'er pools where petrifaction strips
Her breasts of crystal from which crystal pours.—
Here where primordial fear, the Gorgon, sits
Staring all life to stone in ghastly mirth,
I seem to tread, with awe no tongue can tell,—
Beneath vast domes, by torrent-tortured pits,
'Mid wrecks terrific of the ruined Earth,—
An ancient causeway of forgotten Hell.

A TWILIGHT MOTH. A nature lyric. Select imaginative touches, as, for instance, 29-35. Study the classical allusions.

THE TREE TOAD. Classify this, and characterize its diction. 4. What distinguishes this line? Any especially fine imagery in the poem?

DROUTH. An intimate knowledge of nature is disclosed in this. The picture is well drawn. The poet seems to have a fondness for compounds. His epithets are especially felicitous: "glaring pike," "sorry dream," "meagre spring," etc. His rhymes

are unusual, unhackneyed. Justify this assertion here and in the other selections.

BEFORE THE RAIN. Another nature lyric into which description enters with fine effect. 10. "Peevish cricket": point out other equally significant epithets. 15, 16. Striking lines. 18, 19. A notable case of correspondence between sound and sense. 20. The figure is not so apt as the diction. 24. Meaning?

FEUD. A descriptive poem pervaded by a spirit of horror. The theme is treated by a firm hand and from original sources. Some of the most fatal feuds in our history have been in Kentucky.

THE MAN IN GRAY. This poem was written for the reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Louisville, Ky., 1900. Type of poem? 21-24. What distinguishes this passage? What is the central thought in the lines—for instance, from 33 to 36?

ENCHANTMENT. Delicacy of thought and diction characterizes this sonnet. 13, 14. Explain mythological names.

CAVERNS. What characterizes this? 2. Origin of the word labyrinth? 8. "Gorgon": explain the allusion as revealed in the next line. 14. "Causeway": meaning?

Walter Malone

1866-——

Mr. Malone is a native of De Soto County, Mississippi, and an alumnus of the University of that State, class of 1887. For ten years he practiced law in Memphis, going to New York City in 1897, where he lived three years and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1900 he returned to Memphis and resumed his profession. He resides there now, and has been raised to the bench.

He has been a faithful wooer of the Muse. Some of his published volumes of verse are the following: "Claribel, and Other Poems," "The Outcast, and Other Poems," "Narcissus, and Other Poems," "Songs of Dusk and Dawn," "Songs of December and June," "The Coming of the King," "Songs of the North and South," and "Poems."

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE

Far, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the weeds in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences are all interlaced
  With pink and azure morning-glory blooms,
The starry asters glorify the waste,
  While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
  The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,
  And lovely Summer songsters that have fled.

And lonesome in a haunt of withered vines,
  Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished Kingdom pines,
  And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October woos her to remain
  Within the palace of his scarlet bowers,
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
  And weep no more above her faded flowers.

At last November, like a Conqueror, comes
  To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds, like the roll of drums,
  Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
  Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with foliage red as blood,
  A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
  Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a King resigned to fate,
  Dies in his forests, with their sunset fire.

AUTUMN IN THE SOUTH

This livelong day I listen to the fall
  Of hickory nuts and acorns to the ground,
The croak of rain-crows and the bluejay's call,
  The woodman's axe that hews with muffled sound.

And like a spendthrift in a threadbare coat
  That still retains a dash of crimson hue,
An old woodpecker chatters forth a note
  About the better Summer days he knew.

Across the road a ruined cabin stands,
  With ragweeds and with thistles at its door;
While withered cypress vines hang tattered strands
  About its falling roof and rotting floor.

In yonder forest nook no sound is heard
  Save when the walnuts patter on the earth,
Or when by winds the hectic leaves are stirred
  To dance like witches in their maniac mirth.

Down in the orchard hang the golden pears,
  Half honeycombed by yellow-hammer beaks;
Near by, a dwarfed and twisted apple bears
  Its fruit, brown-red as Amazonian cheeks.

The lonesome landscape seems as if it yearned
  Like our own aching hearts, when first we knew
The one love of our life was not returned,
  Or first we found an old-time friend untrue.

At last the night comes, and the broad white moon
  Is welcomed by the owl with frenzied glee;
The fat opossum, like a satyr, soon
  Blinks at its light from yon persimmon tree.

The raccoon starts to hear long-dreaded sounds,
  Amid his scattered spoils of ripened corn—
The cry of negroes and the yelp of hounds,
  The wild, rude pealing of a hunter's horn.

At last a gray mist covers all the land
  Until we seem to wander in a cloud,
Far, far away upon some elfin strand
  Where Sorrow drapes us in a mildewed shroud.

No voice is heard in field or forest nigh
  To break the desolation of the spell
Save one sad mocking-bird in boughs near by,
  Who sings like Tasso in his madman's cell;

While one magnolia blossom, ghastly white,
  Like high-born Leonora, lingering there,
Haughty and splendid in the lonesome night,
  Is pale with passion in her dumb despair.

"HE WHO HATH LOVED"

He who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain,
  And worn the royal purple of a king;
  Hath shrunk beneath the icy Winter's sting,
Then reveled in the golden Summer's reign;
He hath within the dust and ashes lain,
  Then soared o'er mountains on an eagle's wing;
  A hut hath slept in, worn with wandering,
And hath been lord of castle-towers in Spain.

He who hath loved hath starved in beggar's cell,
  Then in Aladdin's jeweled chariot driven;
He hath with passion roamed a demon fell,
  And had an angel's raiment to him given;
His restless soul hath burned with flames of hell,
  And winged through ever-blooming fields of heaven.

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE. What class of poem does this represent? 5. "Aladdin": explain the character. 12. An imaginative line. Point out other like touches. Some of the figures are striking; choose the best for analysis.

AUTUMN IN THE SOUTH. Does this fall in the same class with the foregoing? Which predominates, description or reflection? 20. "Amazonian": interpret. 25-28. What felicitous imagery? 40. Explain the allusion.

"HE WHO HATH LOVED." This is one of the poet's best pieces of verse. The theme justifies the hyperboles. It is the Petrarchan type of sonnet. Compare it with the Shakesperean and state wherein they differ.

Virginia Frazer Boyle

18—

Mrs. Boyle is a daughter of the late Col. Charles Wesley Frazer, who was an officer in the Confederate Army. She was married to Mr. Thomas R. Boyle, an attorney of Memphis, Tenn., her native city, where she has always lived. She comes of old Colonial and Revolutionary stock on both sides, representing North Carolina and Virginia lines.

Her writings, both prose and verse, have appeared in the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, and other like magazines. "The Other Side," her first book, a poem of the South from its settlement through Reconstruction, was well received both North and South. The same may be said of "Brokenburne," a love story of the war. "Devil Tales," published by *Harper's* in 1900, a series of old nurses' stories, which first ran through their magazine, possesses literary and dramatic interest. Other books by her are "Serena," a novel, and "Love Songs and Bugle Calls."

THE WIZARD OF THE SADDLE

It was out of the South that the lion heart came,
From the ranks of the Gray like the flashing of flame,
A juggler with fortune, a master with fame—
The rugged heart born to command.

And he rode by the star of an unconquered will,
And he struck with the might of an undaunted skill,
Unschooled, but as firm as the granite-flanked hill—
As true and as tried as steel.

Though the Gray were outnumbered, he counted no odd,
But fought like a demon and struck like a god,
Disclaiming defeat on the blood-curdled sod,
As he pledged to the South that he loved.

'Twas saddle and spur, or on foot in the field,
Unguided by tactics that knew how to yield;
Stripped of all, save his honor, but rich in that shield,
Full armored by nature's own hand.

As the rush of the storm, he swept on the foe;
It was "Come!" to his legions, he never said "Go!"
With sinews unbending, how could the world know
That he rallied a starving host?

For the wondering ranks of the foe were like clay
To these men of flint in the molten day;
And the hell-hounds of war howled afar for their prey,
When the arm of a Forrest led.

For devil or angel, life stirred when he spoke,
And the current of courage, if slumbering, woke
At the yell of the leader, for never was broke
The record men wondering read.

With a hundred he charged like a thousand men,
And the hoofbeats of one seemed the tattoo of ten;
What bar were burned bridges or flooded fords when
The wizard of battles was there!

But his pity could bend to a fallen foe,
The mailed hand soothe a brother's woe;
There was time to be human, for tears to flow—
For the heart of the man to thrill.

Then "On!" as though never a halt befell,
With a swinging blade and the Rebel yell,
Through the song of the bullets and ploughshares of hell—
The hero, half iron, half soul!

Swing, rustless blade in the strong right hand—
Ride, soul of a god, through the dauntless band—
Through the low green mounds or the breadth of the land—
Wherever your legions dwell!

Swing, Rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice have left your name;
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
In the reckoning of Time!

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

War has played the game of battles on the bloody field of Mars,
With fate behind the masque of hope, for clashing gray and blue;
And beside its broken altars, one has furled its stars and bars,—
The whitest flower of chivalry that Heraldry e'er knew;

And the knighthood of the Southland kept the memory of its Cross,
Above the bitter lees of life the darkened years have quaffed,—
For its spirit lives, invincible, beyond life's woe and loss,—
Its wassail bowl was valor and immortal truth the draught.

How they charged! the whole world wondered at the thrilling battle stroke,—
In life's grandest panorama, like Crusaders they had come;—
But knightlier far, than legend e'er in song or story woke,—
For their Cross was love and honor, and their Holy Grail was Home!—

What marvel then, that nations heard and gave of their applause,
Before the clash of right with might,—of principle with gold?—
That cradle and the grave were robbed to swell the living cause,
That left upon the sodden field the grandest record told!

Fate won; and knew not mercy in that awful molten blare,
When the Southrons turned in sorrow from the smoking cannon's mouth.
But the arms of love were round them, and above a grim despair
Rose the voices of their vestals,—faithful women of the South!

Theirs were the hands that tied the sash and girt the blade of light;
Theirs were the hearts that fared them forth, the bravest of the brave;
Theirs were the feet that trod the loom from morn till weary night,
And theirs the love that knelt in faith beside a warrior's grave!

Far out upon the wrecks of love, their cradle songs were cast,—
The songs of nursing mothers, as they wept the blood-stained shields;
And hymned unto the boom of guns, the rattling of the blast,—
Their days of youth lie buried on forgotten battlefields;

But they builded in the twilight of their hopes and of their fears,
Love's memorial unto valor, that shall stand while time shall bide;
Blent of springtime's crimson roses and the purity of tears,—
The Southron's glory-chaplet, for the victor's shaft, denied.

And the wide world heard no murmur from the keepers of the shrine,—
In the birth throe of a nation, nor the death pang that it brought,—
In the tending of the cypress that a faithful few will twine,
When fate tramples down the laurels that a dauntless people sought.

Give the laurel to the victor,—give the song unto the slain,—
Give the Iron Cross of Honor, ere death lays the Southron down!—
But give to these, soul proven, tried by fire and by Pain,
A memory of their mother-love that pressed an Iron Crown!

THE WIZARD OF THE SADDLE. This noble poem was read at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument erected to the memory of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the dashing cavalry leader of the Confederacy. It is a lyric of rememberable power. It was written in 1902 by invitation of the Forrest Monument Association, of Memphis.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. This was written for the book of Memorial Histories published by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, whose badge, the iron crown, was suggested by the last stanza. Classify both poems. Is the movement in the first regular? Should it be? Choose striking imagery for analysis. Criticise. 8. In second poem: wassail bowl; explain. 9. What recollection of Tennyson? 10. Is there another line equal to this in power? 12. Allusions? 20. "Vestals": meaning? This is one of the poems that should be committed to memory. To say it makes an approach toward its lofty theme is to accord it very high praise.

John Charles McNeill

1874-1907

John Charles McNeill was a native of North Carolina. His ancestors came from Scotland and settled in the Old North State about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

He was graduated from Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C., in 1898, but remained a year for post-graduate work, meanwhile acting as tutor in the department of English. In 1900 he was elected to assistant's position in Mercer College, where he spent a year. He then turned to the law as a profession, in which he met with encouragement. He was elected to represent his country in the State legislature one term, but he cared little for politics. His verses having found acceptance with the *Century* editors, he was encouraged to cast himself more fully upon a literary career. The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer,* too, recognized his gifts and made him an offer to join the staff of that journal. The offer was accepted, and McNeill's column became a feature of the *Observer* almost up to the day of his death.

Two volumes embody his work, "Songs Merry and Sad" and "Lyrics from Cotton Land," both published by Messrs. Stone and Barringer, Charlotte, N. C. The titles of the two books characterize the spirit of their contents. The negro dialect pieces are wonderfully true, and the more serious lines convince one that the untimely death of the young poet was especially to be deplored.

"OH, ASK ME NOT"

Love, should I set my heart upon a crown,
  Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own?
  For youth's red drops would stain it.

Much have I thought on what our lives may
      mean,
  And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
  But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
  From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellow slain,
  Their women broken-hearted;

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
  As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
  His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
  Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And, soon or late, their sails be lost along
  The all-surrounding ocean;

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
  Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
  And love you, love you, love you!

SUNDOWN

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
  Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
  Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
  Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
  Oh, holy, holy, holy!

'LIGION

De Augus' meetin's over now,
  We's all done been baptize';
Me en Ham en Hick'ry Jim
  En Joe's big Lize.

Oh, 'ligion is a cu'i's thing
  In its workin' amongs' men!
We'll hatter wait a whole yur now
  'Fo' bein' baptize' again!

A FEW DAYS OFF

I ain't gwine a work till my dyin' day;
  'F I ever lays up enough,
I's gwine a go off a while en stay;
  I'll be takin' a few days off.
'Ca'se de jimson weeds don't bloom but once,
  En when dey's shed dey's shed;
En when you's dead, 'tain't jis' a few mont's,
  But you's gwine be a long time dead.

I knowed a' ol' man died powerful rich—
  Two mules en lan' en a cow.
I jus' soon die fum fallin' in a ditch,
  Fur he went to's grave fum's plough.
He never had nothin' 'twas good to eat
  Ner no piller upon his bed;
He never took time to dance wid his feet,
  But he's gwine a take a long time dead.

I know a' ol' woman wut scrubbed and hoed,
  En never didn' go nowhar,
En when she died de people 'knowed
  Dat she had supp'n hid 'bout dar.
She mought a dressed up en a-done supp'n' wrong
  En had 'er a coht-case ple'd;
But she didn' have time to live veh long;
  She's gwine have a plenty dead.

So I says, if I manage to save enough
  Frum de wages I gits dis yur,
I is right den takin' a few days off
  At one time en an'er.
'Ca'se while I is got my mouf en eyes
  En a little wheel in my head,
I's gwine a live fas', fer when I dies
  I'll sho' be a long time dead.

"Oh, Ask Me Not." McNeill regarded this as his best work. Point out felicitous figures. 7, 9. Exact meaning of "seeing"? 13. Explain "teasing." Give the thought in the entire poem.

Sundown. There is sincere reverence in these lines. What type of lyric is it?

A Few Days Off. The lines call up the quatrain so often seen in the cafés of Berlin's Latin Quarter:

Das Leben froh geniessen
  Ist der Vernunft Gebot,
Man lebt doch nur so kurze Zeit
  Und is so lange todt.

("'Enjoy your life, my brother,'
  Is gray old reason's song.
One has so little time to live
  And one is dead so long.").

Olive Tilford Dargan

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Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan was born some time in the "troublous seventies," in the town of Old Caney, county of Grayson, which lies in the hill-country of western Kentucky on the borders of the blue-grass region. She is of Virginian ancestry, but her forefathers emigrated to Kentucky in time to take part in the founding of that Commonwealth. Her mother, Rebecca Day, was a remarkably gifted teacher, and her father, Francis Tilford, was also a teacher of much popularity before he finally fell upon days of unrelieved invalidism. He was, however, of a restless temperament, and moved with his family to Missouri when Olive, his second daughter, was ten years old. For three years the parents taught together in the town of Doniphan, but, the mother's health failing, the family removed to Warm Springs, a health resort in the Ozark foothills of northern Arkansas, where her father again established a successful school. It was near this place that Mrs. Dargan, then a child of fourteen, began her work as teacher, at the same time continuing her own studies, which she declared to be "the fun of her life."

At the age of eighteen she secured a scholarship to the University of Nashville, Tenn., and two years later was graduated with honor from that institution. After three more years of teaching, one in Missouri and two in San Antonio, Tex., she went to Cambridge, Mass., and became a student of

Radcliffe College, taking courses in philosophy and literature, but for the most part working independently in the Harvard library. It was here that she met Mr. Pegram Dargan, then in his senior year at Harvard, to whom she was married three years later. Mr. and Mrs. Dargan, when not in New York city, are usually to be found at their beautiful mountain place in western North Carolina, two miles from the village of Almond.

Mrs. Dargan is a contributor to the best magazines, though she has written very few lyrics. She has published "Semiramis, and Other Plays," "Lords, and Lovers," and a masque, "The Woods of Ida." She has a new books of plays in preparation. All her work is vibrant with life.

SOROLLA

"I am fleet," said the joy of the sun,
Trembling then on the breast
Of the summer, white, still;
"I am fleet, I am gone."
Smiling came one
With brush and a will,
Undelaying, unpressed,
And the glancing gold of the tremulous sun
Lingers for man, inescapable, won.

"Not here, nor yet there,"
Cried the waves that fled,
"Shall ye set us a snare.
Motion is breath of us,
Stillness is death of us;
We pause and are sped,

We live as we run."
Laughing came one
With brush and a will,
And the waves never die and are never-
more still.

"I pass," said the light
On the face of the child;
But softly came one
And forever it smiled.
Here Time shall replight
His faith with the dawn,
And his ages gaunt, gray,
Ever cycling behold
Their youth never flown
In a world never old,
Though they pass and repass with their
trailing decay.

"We stay," said the shadows, and hung
On the brush of the master; "take us,
thine own!"
Fearless he flung
The magical chains around them, and said,
"Ye too shall be light, and to life bring
the sun."
And man, delayed
By the painted pain's revealing glow,
Feeleth the breathing woe,
And his vow is made:
"Ye shall pass, ye shadows; yea,
And life, as the sun, be free;
The God in me saith!"
And the shadows go;

For joy is the breath
Of eternity,
And sorrow the sigh of a day.

THE GREAT MAN

Born of needs of little men,
Of the longing gods in them,
Of the reach of children's hands,
Of the piercing mother eyes
Begging "Now!" and praying "When?"

Of the yearning millions' cries,
Of the passion and the dream
Sighing up from trodden lands,
Comes the vision and the power,
Comes the voice unmastered, free
Comes the soul unto the hour,
And the way grows wide for him
Walking with the day to be.
Dead the grasp of Custom then,
Silent grows her voice and pen;
Break as thread the steel-drawn strands,
Part as air the birth-wrong bands;
Graves no longer overawe;
Dust is dust, and men are men;
A living tongue again gives living law.

Trophies ours by gold and gun,
Little treasures, houses,—nay,
Guerdons of our dearest fight,—
Now are fuel for his sun,
And the dreams that lit the night
Burn as candles in the day.

Yet we made thee, Man of Right,
As our being plead to rise;
Of our straining arm thy might;
Even as we prayed for sight,
Lo, afar thou hadst thy prophet eyes.

Ay, thy gleaming spear is ours;
Ours thy fearless, golden bow;
And our shining arrows go
From thy bright untaken towers.
Thou art what we will to be,
Sceptre, star and wingèd cloud;
We are blood and brawn of thee,
Glowing up through sod and stone,
Burning through thy rended shroud,
Moving with thee, chainless, on,
Till the world, a quickened whole,
Truth-delivered, naked, free,
Once again hath found its deathless soul.

SOROLLA. A Spanish painter whose pictures, especially of seashore life of Valencia, are notable for their exquisite chasteness.

THE GREAT MAN. We consider this as possibly Mrs. Dargan's best short poem.

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